WITH CORBETT-MITCHELL COLOUR PLATE.

The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

VOL. I.—No. 4. [Entered at Stationer's Hall.] LONDON: JANUARY 27, 1894. [Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.] PRICE FOUR PENCE.

HATS OFF IN THE THEATRE.

Passage of Woman's Suffrage Act in New Zealand Incurs Displeasure Amongst the Swells.

The Mirror of Life
ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

Published Weekly by
THE ALBION PUBLISHING COMPANY,
108, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1894.

RATES TO SUBSCRIBERS.

"THE MIRROR OF LIFE" will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom at the following rates:—

One Year, Post Free	...	17s. 4d.
Six Months, ditto	...	8s. 8d.
Three Months, ditto	...	4s. 6d.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One inch, per insertion 10s. 6d.
Special Contracts made for Three Months.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All portraits, sketches, and news of an interesting character, throughout Great Britain, will be liberally paid for, if used. Portraits must be accompanied by a complete record, and the sender's name and address, to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed "The Editor, THE MIRROR OF LIFE," 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

THE fight between the Governor of Florida and the Duval Athletic Club appears to be far more bitter than will be the battle between the objects of the Governor's wrath. It is evidently intended as a fight to a finish, because the Governor has ordered the State troops to Jacksonville under his command, whilst the Duval Club has issued a manifesto which defies not only the head man of the state but all his subordinates.

If the match does occur it is pretty sure to be a financial failure, because the Northern people feel that doubtful of a satisfactory meeting of the principals that they have decided not to take such a long journey South on the off chance.

* * *

ACCORDING to our advices from the United States, Peter Jackson, the coloured champion, is a mere physical wreck and incapable of participating in another ring fight. We regret to hear such a report, and hope it is not so because it would mean the loss of one of the cleverest heavyweights of modern times; besides he was always a gentleman, too. Even when under the influence of liquor he would maintain a peaceful spirit and refrain from making any talk about his ability. He is well thought of in all parts of the United Kingdom, not only as a pugilist, but a manly fellow, and such as he are none too numerous in the fistic profession.

* * *

THE National Sporting Club's first meeting of the season was a success. There were rather too many preliminary bouts, still all were interesting, even though the programme was a lengthy one. The members are fortunate in having such an efficient manager as Mr. Fleming. He not only knows a fighter when he sees one, but he is a capable manager, too, and conducts the meetings in elegant shape.

* * *

WE are in search of the people who say English lithographers cannot turn out superior work to that done on the Continent, and at equally as low a figure. The handsome colour plate of Corbett and Mitchell in the ring, given gratis with issue No. 4 of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, will bear us out in our claim.

What we propose to do is to give English work to English people, that is the only true reciprocity we know of or care to recognise.

* * *

IN publishing THE MIRROR OF LIFE, the management intend giving high cost illustrations and interesting reading matter at all times. The patronage of all true sportsmen will amply repay us for our efforts. At present THE MIRROR OF LIFE is the only illustrated sporting journal published in Great Britain, and we shall endeavour to cover the field so thoroughly that there will no just ground for complaint.

ON page 13 of this issue, we are proud to say, appear the portraits of George C. N. Piesse, Esq., and Mr. Bernard John Angle, two gentlemen who follow sport for the pure love of the game. A short sketch of each appears in our reading columns.

* * *

OUR beautiful colour plate of Corbett and Mitchell, which is given gratis with No. 4 of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, was executed by Mr. W. G. Wallis, who, for ten years, was managing director of Her Majesty's Printers' Fine Arts Department, at Eyre and Spottiswoode's.

* * *

HAIR-DRESSING parlours and public-houses should always keep THE MIRROR OF LIFE on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals, and the MIRROR OF LIFE is at the head of that list.

GEORGE TOM DUNNING.

The Clever Newspaper Man, once a Noted Runner.

(With Portrait.)

THE sports of this country are familiar with G. T. Dunning, the capable writer on ring events for the London *Sportsman*. He is a Yorkshireman by birth, having been brought into this world of misery and sorrow July 2, 1852.

When yet in his teens he developed speed as a short-distance runner, and during his career won over a hundred prizes in races ranging from 100 to 440 yards.

He is one of the best-informed sporting writers in the kingdom, and his reports of the "big" fights are usually read with interest by the "fancy." Tom is impartial in all his articles, and is quite a favourite with all club members.

The services of Tom as a referee are frequently sought for in billiard matches, glove fights, and other sporting events, being just in all his decisions.

HATS OFF IN THE THEATRE.

Passage of Woman's Suffrage Act in New Zealand
Incurs Displeasure Amongst the Swells.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Now that Woman's Suffrage is so generally "in the air" in this country as well as in the United States, it is consoling to the women to learn that at the recent general election in New Zealand everything went off well. For the first time in the history of the British empire a Parliamentary election has been held in which the votes of women have been taken as equivalent to those of men. Nothing very terrible happened, and everything passed off much the same as in the days when men alone were permitted to enter the polls. It is said the greatest activity and interest have been exercised in placing the names of the enfranchised women on the roll, and that their attendance at the polling places in order to vote for the candidate of their choice was the cause of great excitement and very considerable enthusiasm.

Of course, religion and temperance influenced the vote of the women to a degree, but they did not express themselves on the subject with the sweeping decision that was expected of them. Fears were also expressed that the women might import into politics reactionary influences; but, on the contrary, they have supported the Government, and have confirmed the political opinion of the men by whom they have hitherto been represented. The Government which has received their support is the most radical New Zealand has known for many years, and supports the policy of secular education, to which women have generally been believed to be opposed. Some of the swell element of Wellington attended a theatre directly after election and showed their displeasure at the result. Forming together they secured seats in the body of the pit and carried fishing-rods which closed up to appear like canes. When the performance got under way several lengthened out their rods and attached lines and hooks on the end. At a given signal they dropped them on to the hats of ladies in front of them, and giving a sudden jerk raised the head gear from their head, declaring that if women were to be accorded the privilege of men at the polls, they must conform with the rules imposed on the male sex at the theatres by disgarding their headgear.

While the sport met with approval of all male attendants, many argued that it was a cruel way to enforce matters, and it must necessarily place the victims in a rather humiliating position.

HARRY SPURDEN.

9st Champion of England.

Open to Meet any Man in the World at Even Weight.

(With Portrait.)

HARRY SPURDEN, of Battersea, 9st Champion of England, was born at Cambridge, February 6, 1869, and is therefore twenty-five years of age. He stands 5ft 4in in stocking feet, and scales, when in condition, 9st.

He took to boxing seven years ago as an amateur, at the Lambeth School of Arms, where he ran up to Jack Callard in the final of an 8st 6lb competition, after an extra round had been fought. He next won an 8st 6lb competition at the Thatched House, Holborn. At the Swan and Sugar Loaf, Fetter Lane, he won a 9st and an 8st 6lb competition, and at the Flying Dutchman, Camberwell, he scored a win in an 8st 6lb competition. Two weeks later he defeated George Franklin in six rounds at the same place.

At Billy Natty's he won an 8st 6lb competition. He was beaten by Brown, of Birmingham, in a competition at the Royal Aquarium. After defeating W. Davis, of Battersea, in four rounds he turned professional.

His first professional battles were against Darkey Barton, whom he defeated twice in six-round contests. He subsequently disposed of Fred Suckling twice in six-round battles at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, and served Andrew Jacobs in the same way in twelve rounds at Battersea.

Spurden was defeated by Fred Johnson after a hard contest in a 9st competition at the Royal Aquarium, but won a similar competition for £25 at Sadlers Wells Theatre. He again beat Darkey Barton in six rounds at Newmarket, and then took on Bill Corbett at Kennington Social Club rooms for £50 and won after four rounds. In a second meeting he beat Corbett in twenty-five rounds for £50 at the Lambeth School of Arms. At Westgate-on-Sea he beat Harry Brown in twelve rounds. In the 9st competition at the Kennington Social Club for the championship he disposed of Tom Jefford, but had his colours lowered by Stanton Abbott. Beat Ginger Elmer in four rounds at the Bolingbroke Club, and Tom Jefford in six rounds at the National Sporting Club for £100. After scoring a victory over Peter Connor in six rounds at Springall's Rooms in London, he met W. Reader in a finish fight at the National Sporting Club for £110. It was for the championship at 9st, and the match was decided on December 19, 1892. Spurden won after a well-contested match, which lasted twenty rounds. His last battle was against Arthur Callan for £100 at the Raglan Music Hall, December 5, 1893. Spurden gave away 3lb in weight, but that did not prove an obstacle to his scoring a victory after battling eleven rounds. Spurden can get backing for £500, and is prepared to meet any man in the world at 9st for the championship. He is a clever two-hand fighter, and excellent judge of distance, and knows every inch of a ring, being an excellent general at the "game."

GEORGE C. N. PIESSE, Esq.

A Thoroughbred London Sportsman.

(With Portrait.)

THERE are sporting men and there are sportsmen. Those who may be termed sporting men are always prepared to risk money providing they see an excellent opportunity of a return, and only take to such pleasures for the money possible to be derived therefrom. The true and thoroughbred sportsman is a gentleman who does not seek notoriety or gain, and is at all times prepared to part his purse-strings to advance the interests of honest sport irrespective of a return.

In quoting those termed true sportsmen, we are free to say that George C. N. Piesse, Esq., is "one of them." It is mainly due to him that Mr. John Fleming has been placed in a position to put the National Sporting Club to the front as the premier organisation of its kind in the world, and to-day that gentleman can boast of being one of the largest shareholders of the institution. Though always prepared to chance his money on any honest or legitimate enterprise, it may be said that Mr. Piesse has never been in any way connected with anything which would be open to question, and curious to say he has never been connected with an event or enterprise which proved a failure.

He is a prominent member of the Beaufort Club of London. He is the mainstay of one of the largest books made on the Turf, which season after season turns up a good profit.

The boxing men who are fortunate enough to secure his patronage are invariably proud of the fact, and deem it an honour to quote George C. N. Piesse, Esq., as a financial friend and supporter. He is a modest gentleman who would abhor notoriety, but as such sportsmen are scarce we take the liberty of publishing his portrait for the benefit of our readers, who will no doubt appreciate it.

NICHOLAS COX, OF BRISTOL,

Veteran One to Twenty Miles Runner.

(With Portrait.)

THIS well-known runner has been before the public for the past quarter of a century. He was born at Bristol, August 19, 1853; stands 5ft 6½ins, and strips in running gear at 8st 10lb.

He has run in fully 500 races, and has made creditable records at different distances ranging from 880 yards to 20 miles. Lack of space prevents our giving a complete summary of the contests in which he has taken part, but we shall quote a few races he has won at different distances. His maiden race was at Bristol in September, 1869, when he defeated G. Andrews, a local runner, in a mile run.

He has beaten such men as W. Duddle, T. Justice, G. Garland, J. Parey, J. Sanderson, J. Lea, W. Cummings, and G. Mason.

He was for some time a trainer to the New York Athletic Club, and whilst in the United States he won the five miles' championship at New York (September 7, 1889), ten miles at Philadelphia (July 4, 1893), and same place and day he finished first in a mile, three, and five miles' races.

Cox has returned to his home at Bristol, and opened up an athletic grounds there. He is prepared to run any man in the world of his age any distance from one to twenty miles.

BOXING CRAZE IN FLORIDA.

Scenes on the House Tops about that Section.

(Subject of Illustration.)

SINCE the Corbett and Mitchell fight has been booked for Jacksonville, Florida, says a correspondent, boxing has become quite a craze about town with both the male and female sexes. Gloves are in great demand, and shopkeepers who sell them have been forced to lay in a large stock to meet with the requirements of the customers. It is a common scene in the shades of the evening to see men on the house tops sparring as hard as though a large sized purse was in abeyance. The fair sex frequently set looking on at a sharp set-to, and will applaud a telling blow in a vociferous manner.

CAUGHT DEAD TO RIGHTS.

A Confessed Bigamist Held for Trial.

(Subject of Illustration.)

GEORGE NEEDHAM, a labourer, was committed for trial at the Lambeth Police Court on a confessed charge of having committed bigamy. Prisoner was delivered into the hands of Constable 272 L, who was on duty in Newington Butts, by the second wife, a widow, properly named Whitelock. Accused admitted marrying Mrs. Whitelock on May 8 of last year, his first wife being then and now alive. The couple had only been living together for about three weeks when Mrs. Needham No. 1 made her appearance. The much-married man prevented the women from getting at each other, and finally went with wife No. 1. On application of the first wife Needham was admitted to bail of £25.

JOE FARRELL, OF LONDON.

Well-known Master of Ceremonies.

(With Portrait.)

THIS well-known veteran pugilist and master of ceremonies first saw the light of day in the East End of London, August 14, 1844. Under the training of Jim Pudney he developed into a runner when but seventeen years of age, his maiden race being a victory over George Burrill, whom he defeated by ten yards in a mile run at Hackney Wick. He subsequently beat G. Saunders for £10 at same place in a half-mile race. This was on September 10, 1862. Taking an interest in swimming, boxing, and walking, he scored wins in the various branches of sport. His fighting record follows:—

FIGHTING.

Beat Tom Darkins, 3 rounds, January 10, 1863.

Beat Tom Reagen, 6 round March 27, 1863.

Draw with Furze, 34 rounds, April 12, 1864.

Beat Joe Ballam, 10 rounds, July 17, 1866.

Beat John Brown, 7 rounds, October 29, 1869.

Draw with J. Buckley, 11 rounds, April 4, 1870.

Beat Frank Morgan, 3 rounds, September 11, 1885.

Farrell won on several occasions in swimming, walking, and running races, and was conceded to be a good all-round athlete.

He has developed many clever modern pugilists in boxing rooms which he managed, but of late years he has made a specialty of acting as master of ceremonies, at which he is quite an adept.

He is well thought of by the fraternity, and his services are in demand at the various boxing shows given in different parts of London.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

Corbett and Mitchell want Fight.

Mitchell's Experiences in America.

Sullivan predicts Corbett a Winner.

Peter Jackson a Physical Wreck.

Plimmer to return to England.

BOSTON, Jan. 17.

"To be or not to be," that is the perplexing question just now in Florida. As Al. F. Smith, the New York sporting man, once said to me that fighting money was hard money to get, and it does seem to be getting so in this country. A few years back you could pull off a match with but little trouble and with skin gloves too, but of late they appear to object to meetings between prominent men with four-ounce gloves. It does seem that

American Dollars for Fights

are frequently promised, but extremely difficult to get hold of. The possibilities of a fight between Corbett and Mitchell are about as remote just now as they were a few months since. As rapidly as an obstacle is removed and the meeting appears to be a certainty, another crops up which again puts it in abeyance.

Mitchell has not had much luck in this country since he boxed John L. Sullivan four rounds in Madison Square Gardens, and got an even divide of a £3,000 house. He has made some money, but nothing to speak of when compared with the revenue other big 'uns have derived from exhibitions. I know on one occasion the Mitchell combination stranded in the western part of New York State, and Young Nixey, so-called, brought the party back to the metropolis. Since then he has handled Jake Kilrain, who failed to prove a drawing card, and after lots of booming got beat by Sullivan. He then brought F. P. Slavin here, and handled the Australian when he whipped Kilrain. They then went on tour, but it failed to realise any great amount of money. The last man Charley handled was Jim Hall, when Fitzsimmons defeated him so comfortably at New Orleans. Since the Corbett match has been pending he has done some showing, but not enough to get him big money. Governor Matthews knifed the match for Indiana, and then it was fixed as a certainty for Coney Island, but Governor Flower could not see the paint, and it again practically fell through.

Though the local authorities have granted a licence, and the masses in Florida sanction the fight being decided at Jacksonville, *Governor Mitchell, knife in hand,*

Keeps on his War Paint

and declares that the match shall not occur if the militia is of sufficient strength to stop it. After so much has been said by both men relative to the outcome if they meet, it would be a pity if they are not permitted to bring the affair to a settlement. It is amusing to go about the town listening to predictions, first from one and then another, about the prospects of a meeting or the probable result. Could we feel certain of a battle there would be any quantity of money wagered on the result, and though Corbett would be the favourite at short odds, Mitchell would have enough support. It is only a month or two ago that you could get Corbett men to lay odds of 100 to 40 or 100 to 25 on their choice, but now it is not better than 100 to 80, and none too much floating about at that price. Every dispatch from Florida is read with interest, and go into a public-house any hour of the day you will be sure to see

A Couple Discussing the Fight.

It is safe to say that could the Bostonians depend on a fight taking place the day set, at least 500 would journey to Florida.

John L. Sullivan appears to shift with the wind. Speaking of the coming match he picks Corbett as a winner. He says: "I do not bear the slightest animosity to the youthful Californian for my overthrow at the Crescent City. I simply fulfilled the scriptural injunction—the pitcher that goes to the well too often is sure to be broken. Some kind friends say that I was not the John L. of old that Corbett whipped, but rather the remnant of past greatness.

"But I stand not on that. I was but 34 years of age, and, if I was not at my fittest and best, the fault was my own and that of no other man. So I give Corbett all the credit for the victory he fairly, honestly and manfully won.

"Mitchell is a strong, brainy, clever, courageous fellow—a man utterly devoid of fear. He is but slightly over the middle height, with extraordinary breadth of shoulder and an agility which is truly wonderful. This in face, too, of the jolly life he has been leading, as gay, almost, as my own.

"Withal, he has coolness, subtlety, and cunning. He can endure punishment, humiliation, torture. He knows when to retreat or advance.

"The Californian is four inches taller than the Englishman, has a corresponding advantage in the way of reach, and is, if anything, quicker and cleverer. He is strong, too, but not as strong as the Briton. At outfighting he can give Mitchell cards and spades. Like all extremely clever men, he is a corker at infighting when it is forced upon him. That was shown in his battles with Joe Choynski and Peter Jackson, when he drove them back groggy and bewildered to the centre of the ring. His strength, speed and elasticity—all combined—make it an easy feat for him to keep out of reach of most men.

"Mitchell (leaving Peter Jackson out of the present discussion) may be the one man of the thousand who may fool him.

"Corbett's greatest danger lies in Mitchell's brain, not his brawn. By physical advantages, other things being equal—head, heart, and skill—he should whip Mitchell, and easily at that. But has he all these attributes? I know that he has the skill for a certainty, and on that score has, I am convinced, a shade the better of the deal.

"As for heart, I can truthfully aver that I personally never perceived any lack of it.

"I am no tipster, but make no mistake in this: The fight will be a vicious and determined one. Both men are resolute, and will never yield while breath or senses remain. Each is fully apprised that to be conquerer means fame and fortune; to be conquered, oblivion.

"At outfighting, Corbett should easily prove the better man by reason of his superior reach and height. Infighting with a man of Corbett's build is Mitchell's best hold, and well the wily Briton knows it.

"Mark the prediction! He will play that savage game for all it is worth. He knows the game he is up against, and has faithfully and with wonderful self-abnegation prepared himself for the fray. (He has more sense than most of us.)

"Now, the question is simply this: Whether Corbett, with his long left, will jab Mitchell out, and at the same time keep the Briton safely away, or whether Mitchell can endure the Californian's jabs, and break in under his guard and crush him to earth.

"In other words, will the constant dripping of the water first wear away the rock, or will the fury of the tempest uproot the stately oak?

"It's a sort of a Hobson's choice, but I'm picking the water and the rock."

A most startling piece of information has just reached me, which, if true, is bound to produce a great sensation in the pugilistic world.

The news is to the effect that Peter Jackson's fighting days are over.

My informant says that Jackson is almost a physical wreck. He has been on the ailing list for some time, and at present is so bad that he is almost incapacitated from sparring. Many excuses are given as the reason for Peter's sickness, the most plausible one being that he is suffering from a severe cold, and has a touch of the grip. The truth is that Peter's present condition is the result of dissipation. This covers the last two or three years.

"Most well-posted sporting men have known for some time that Jackson has not been living a quiet, sober life. He has been fast following in the footsteps of John L. Sullivan, but his shrewd manager, Parson Davies, has been smart enough to keep the fact from the public. I am afraid it cannot be kept a secret much longer. The Parson has almost exhausted his resources of excuses, and so many people are getting on to the exact truth that it will have to come.

"As to Jackson fighting Corbett in May or any other time, it is simply out of the question. Peter will never fight Corbett or anyone else again. You can depend on this, no matter what you hear. Denials will come, so as the interests of the show will not be hurt; but do not be surprised if you hear at any moment that Jackson has completely collapsed, and is not able to spar again, let alone fight."

Young Griffo's sudden rise from starvation to three square meals a day has been ruinous to him. His appealing letter to the *Police News* awakened Captain Cooke's sympathy, and he induced Manager Smith of the Metropole Club to give a purse of 1,000dols. for Griffo and George Lavigne. The date was set for February 28, and both men accepted. A couple of weeks ago Griffo made a little money, besting a cheap fighter in Chicago, and followed it up by beating Solly Smith, although a draw was the decision. The money he received must have turned his head, as yesterday he wired Captain Cooke that he would not meet Lavigne for less than 2,500dols. The answer he received must have stunned him. Although short, the message was couched in the captain's most caustic and pointed manner.

The feather-weights continue to go about with blood in their eyes. Dixon claims he and John T. Griffin are to box six rounds in New York in February for gate receipts. I doubt this, though if they do Dixon and his crowd will not be able to flim-flam Griffin the way they did little Billy Plimmer. The latter has made up his mind to return to England this summer. He says, however, that his stay there will be very short. Plimmer says that nothing would please him better than to fight Dixon, but he intends to stick to his original determination to meet him at 8st 2lb, weigh in at the ring side.

"I have very little hopes of facing him in this country," Plimmer said, "because there are no clubs that will offer a good-sized incentive. Over in England, however, I am positive they will put up a handsome purse for us. I believe the National Sporting Club will be a bidder. As Dixon has fought in England he cannot refuse to fight me there. Next summer, when both our theatrical engagements will have been filled, nothing will be in our way of coming together. Any kind of purse will suit me."

Billy Smith and Tommy Ryan fought a six-round draw here January 9. It was a very clever bout, though neither one appeared to display a desire to bring the bout to a decision.

Jack McAuliffe and Jim Ryan met last night at San Francisco and sparred six rounds for a division of the gate receipts. McAuliffe was declared the winner, and I might add right here that Ryan was as "dead as a door nail" before he entered the ring. Both had to have money, and I presume McAuliffe would not go ahead with the match unless Ryan agreed to enter the ring a "dead bird." McAuliffe does not relish a match where he has to take many chances, and the manner in which he treated Burge, when the Englishman came here, will bear me out. When he met Carney his gang of cut throats prevented him from getting a well-deserved whipping. He wants every match made as dead for him as it possibly can be, or else he will squeal like a pig till he gets out of it.

ELM.

HE SLAPPED THE OFFICER'S FACE.

A Youngster found on Hampstead Heath shows Fight.

(With Illustration.)

A CHUBBY, well dressed youngster was brought before the West London magistrate January 12. The child's offence was that he was in the habit of wandering away from home, and had on one occasion been found on Hampstead Heath at three o'clock in the morning. So little did the youngster fear the minions of the law that he struck a police sergeant three times in the face, who found him lying wet through on a rack at Notting Hill station. The magistrate gravely admonished the offender, and told the father to bring him to the Court again if he wandered away or would not go to school. The youngster was placed on a table for inspection, and the officer who had been pounded by the boy told of the struggle he had in enforcing the law, the very thought of it causing the perspiration to crop out so copiously that he was forced to apply his handkerchief to his brow to keep his physog dry.

THE NOTORIOUS TRAIN ROBBER ESCAPES.

Chris Evans' Daring Break for Liberty.

He Shoots Marshall Morgan.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THAT notorious train robber Chris Evans, who defied the California authorities for over nine months in the Fresno Mountains, and was at last captured after a battle in which his companion, Sontag, was fatally wounded, and he himself was seriously injured, escaped recently from jail, at Fresno, U.S.A., and is now located at his mountain fastnesses.

Evans lost an eye as the result of the fight in the mountains with Marshall Gard's posse. He was convicted of killing Vic Wilson, one of the many officers who pursued him, and the jury fixed the penalty at a life term in the state prison. He appeared to take his sentence quietly, and thus lulled all suspicions that he would make any attempt to escape. He also urged his lawyers to demand a new trial, which he said he was hopeful of securing.

He succeeded in getting the help of a waiter in a restaurant, who seems to have been impelled solely by a desire to gain notoriety in assisting a desperate man.

Mrs. Evans, who has remained faithful to her husband in all his troubles, called as usual at the jail the day of the escape, and was admitted to her husband's cell. She probably told her husband of the waiter's intention to help him.

The guards declared that she smuggled in no arms. She came the last time just before six o'clock, and a few minutes after the waiter from Stock's Restaurant came in with dinner for the convicted man.

Evans was allowed to be out of his cell in the large jail corridor. Mrs. Evans and the waiter were the only persons with him, the door being locked by Jailer Scott, brother of the Sheriff. He happened to be the only officer around, the rest having gone to dinner.

Mrs. Evans sat down with her husband, and both appeared to be enjoying their meal. A few minutes after the waiter called to Scott, saying Evans had finished dinner and he wished to take away the things. The jailor entered, and as he approached the table the waiter drew a new pistol and pointed it at him.

The waiter pointed the gun at Scott's heart and said, "Hold up your hands." The jailor thought it was a joke, but he was paralysed when Evans drew another glittering pistol from the dinner tray, where it had been concealed by a napkin.

"That's all right, Ben," said Evans. "Hold up your hands."

The jailor succumbed and his keys fell to the floor. As Evans drew the gun Mrs. Evans tried to catch his arm, as though she feared he would shoot Scott, but he put her back with a sweep of his hand, never taking his eyes from Scott. Evans them said in the loud voice he used from the outset, "Let us out; we want to get out."

The jailer picked up the keys and walked backward down the stairs, with Evans and the waiter following. As both had guns, Scott was powerless. Evans forced the jailer to let him out the side entrance.

Once in the street the party was met by Ed Mayer Cole. The jailer was walking along in advance of Evans very meekly, and the bandit forced Cole to hold up his hands and accompany them. Cole thought he had struck a gang of footpads, but he went along.

This queer procession was next met by City Marshal Morgan, who knew Evans at once. He tried to arrest the bandit, but was shot down. Evans secured a horse and was next seen riding for his life. Morgan wasn't seriously hurt, but the pursuit was delayed some time by the audacity of the robber, and he will probably make good his escape.

Citizens' posses are organising and starting in every direction. Mrs. Evans is locked up in jail. It is thought that Evans was met by some of his friends on the outskirts of the town.

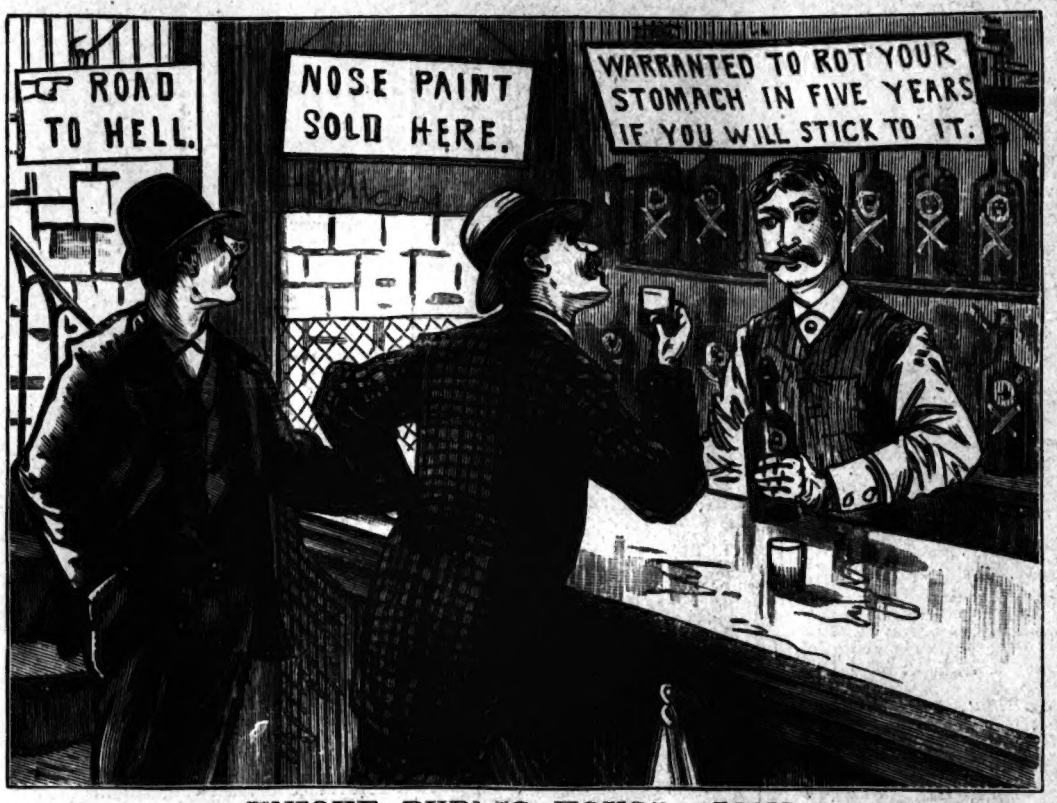
Jack Barrett, one of the city policemen, left a few minutes later with the police on horseback, with the object of heading Evans off from Sampson's Flat. The last seen of Evans was on the outskirts, riding madly along, terrorising the citizens by shooting in the air. Several sent bullets flying after him, but they went wide of the mark.

W. B., BETTER KNOWN AS "BAT" MASTERSON.

The Colorado Sport who will Act as Judge for Charley Mitchell.

(With Portrait.)

THE well-known "Bat" Masterson will be in Charley Mitchell's corner when the latter fights Corbett. He was formerly a sheriff of Dodge City, Iowa. Bat is the possessor of several "notches" on his stick, a phrase used by men in the Western part of the States, which means a death for a "notch." He has been in tight corners many times during his career, but his unerring aim with the revolver invariably pulled him through.

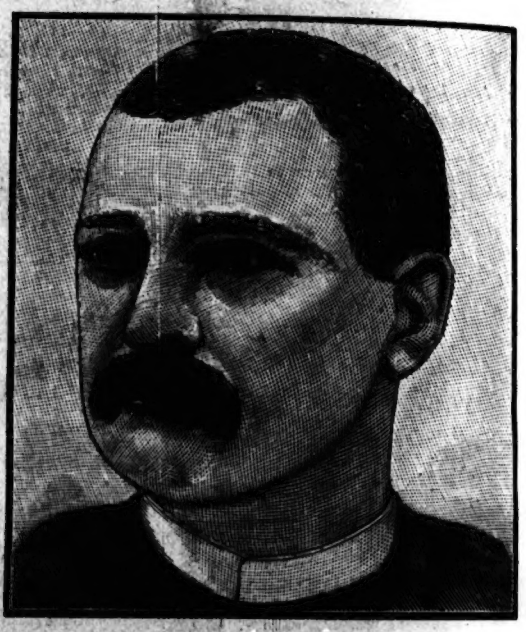


UNIQUE PUBLIC HOUSE SIGNS.

JOE FARRELL, OF LONDON.

Well-known Master of Ceremonies.

DON'T YOU WISH TO RETIRE?



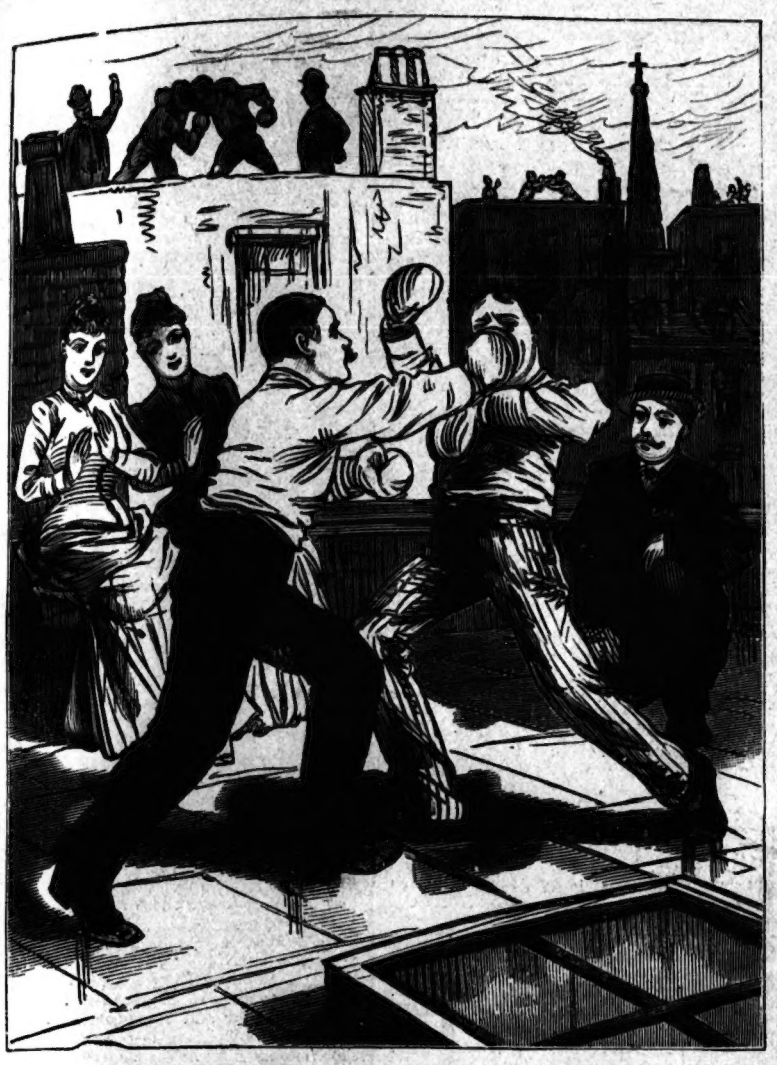
W. B., BETTER KNOWN AS "BAT" MASTERSON.

The Colorado Sport who will Act as Judge for Charley Mitchell.

IT WAS DO OR DIE!

CAUGHT DEAD TO RIGHTS.

A Confessed Bigamist Held for Trial.

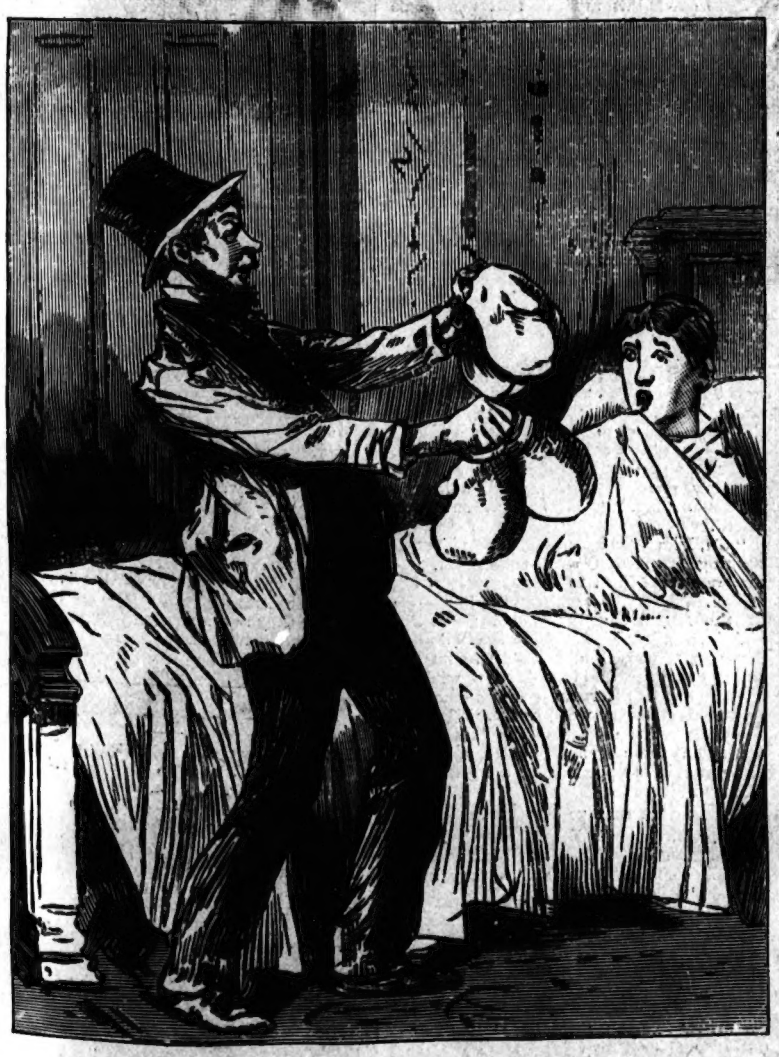


BOXING CRAZE IN FLORIDA.

Scenes on the House Tops about that Section.

HE SLAPPED THE OFFICER'S FACE.

A Youngster found on Hampstead Heath Shows Fight.



IT ENDED ALL DISPUTE.

A Convivial Joker puts a Quietus on his Wife.

LONG LIVE ANARCHY.

Strange Freak of a Crank in Piccadilly.

HONEST SPORTS.

Flaunty Outruns Meakins.

Connell's Offer to Bacon.

Pigeon Shooting at Monte Carlo.

Donoghue to Skate Norsing.

A TEN miles running race between Arthur Flaunty, of Woolwich, and Henry Meakins, of Plumstead, was decided at Invicta Grounds, Plumstead, January 15, for £20. Both men have a certain reputation, Flaunty in particular, he having been before the public in the pedestrian line for nearly a quarter of a century, during which he has won some 400 prizes in England, Scotland, and France, whilst his opponent is known as a champion bottle-carrier and barrow-puller. At the end of the first lap (420 yards) Flaunty led by four yards. This advantage he increased during the second circuit, and at a mile Meakins was 38 2-5 sec to the bad. At one mile 120 yards Flaunty lapped his man, and going further and further away, at three miles two laps Flaunty was three laps in front, and Meakins dropped down to a walk for a few yards. Flaunty placed another lap to his credit, and shortly after the half-distance had been covered by the leader Meakins stopped. Flaunty kept on until covering 7 miles 1,260 yards, when he was informed that he might stop, and he was declared the winner.

* * *

THOMAS P. CONNEFF, amateur champion runner of America, replying to Frank E. Bacon, English amateur champion, says:—"I have no desire whatever to run Mr. Bacon, and it is singular, indeed, that he did not come to this country last year and compete, as was expected. Under no circumstances will I go to England. A visit there is simply out of the question. It is my intention to run a few races next season. I have agreed to run a match race with Orton at the New Jersey A.C. games, and will also compete at the annual championship meeting. In either of these races I shall be pleased indeed to meet Champion Bacon. Now that I am in business I propose to devote very little time to athletics."

* * *

THE first of the pigeon shooting matches at Monte Carlo, preliminary to the Grand International contests which take place at the end of this month, was held January 16, the event being the Prix Lamartine, value 1,000 francs, added to a sweepstakes of 50 francs each. Conditions, one bird at 26 mètres. There were fifty-seven competitors. The first and second prizes, of a total value of 3,135 francs, were divided between MM. Gervais and Dovari, who each brought down eight birds in as many shots. The third prize, of 570 francs, was divided between Mr. Roberts and Comte de Robiano, who each grassed nine birds out of ten.

On January 17, the Prix Victor Hugo (Handicap), value 1,000 francs, added to a sweepstakes of 50 francs. The competitors numbered fifty-seven. M. Montesquieu and Count Gajoli divided the first and second prizes, amounting to 3,135 francs, having each killed nine birds in nine shots. The third prize of 370 francs went to Count Venezze, who missed once in twelve shots.

An additional sweepstakes fell to M.M. Montesquieu and Galfon, who divided 410 francs, having grassed nine birds in nine shots.

On the third day the contest for the Prix Alfred de Musset, value 1,000 francs, added to a sweepstakes of 50 francs—conditions: One pigeon, at 26½ metres—there was a larger number of competitors than at the previous events, and among the sixty-three gentlemen that took part was the Grand Duke Peter of Russia. Captain Shelley and M. Douvari divided the first and second prizes, amounting to 3,360 francs, their total being fourteen birds in fourteen shots. The third prize, 630 francs, was also divided, MM. Deshayes and Demontchosy having each missed only once in twelve shots.

* * *

JOE DONOGHUE, American champion, and A. D. Norseng, Champion of Norway, met in New York City recently, and signed articles to skate a series of matches. The distances to be one, three, and five miles. It is more than likely that there will also be a mile race between J. A. Donoghue, brother of the champion, and Howard P. Moser, who holds a record of 38 3.5 seconds for a quarter of a mile.

Joe Donoghue and Norseng are anxious to meet John S. Johnson, the Minneapolis crack, who claims the American record of 2 minutes 45 seconds for a mile.

Norseng expects to have a five-mile race with Johnson some time in February at Minneapolis.

* * *

HARRY KELLY, ex-champion sculler, states that he will row James Cook, of Newcastle, providing the latter will concede a boat length's start for each year's difference in their ages, the race to occur on the Tyne, for £25 or more a side. The distance to be one and a-half to two miles. Baptismal registration to be produced when articles are signed.

THE Oxford and Cambridge crews are in practice for the coming University Boat Race. The crews, as arranged up to date, are as follows:—

CAMBRIDGE.

	st	lb
A. H. Finch (Third Trinity) (bow)	11	0
2. R. F. Bayford (Trinity Hall)	11	10
3. R. W. Broadrick (First Trinity)	11	6½
4. W. A. Bieber (Trinity Hall)	13	7
5. H. A. Game (First Trinity)	12	6
6. H. M. Bland (Third Trinity)	11	12
7. R. O. Kerrison (Third Trinity)	11	12
T. G. Lewis (Third Trinity) (stroke)	12	3
F. C. Begg (Trinity Hall) (cox.)		

OXFORD.

	st	lb
G. W. N. Graham (Trinity) (bow)	10	0
2. T. H. C. Stretch (New)	12	12
3. J. A. Morrison (New)	12	6
4. E. G. Tew (Magdalen)	13	10
5. W. B. Stewart (Brasenose)	13	5
6. M. C. Pilkington (Magdalen)	12	2
7. W. E. Crum (New)	11	12
C. M. Pitman (New) (stroke)	11	12
H. B. Cotton (Magdalen) (cox.)		

At the Oxford captain's meeting, held Jan. 19, it was decided that the Torpid eight-oared bumping races should take place on February 15 and following days. The races to be rowed in three divisions instead of two, starting from Iffley at 2.30, 3.30, and 4.30. The Clinker Fours are fixed for March 7, 8, and 9. It was proposed that the Inter-University race takes place on Wednesday, March 21, but the date was not absolutely fixed. The Summer Eights are provisionally arranged for May 17.

* * *

J. J. K. OOMS, Champion Dutch Sculler, is about to leave Amsterdam for the United States to locate permanently. The winner of the Diamond Sculls at Henley in 1892 will open a lager-beer saloon in Newark, N.J., which is about fifteen miles from New York City. Ooms' place is in the midst of a most populous district, and within a stone's throw of Clark's Thread Works. It is a great rowing centre, having the celebrated Passaic River running through it. George Lee, the noted rower, hails from this place, and doubtless Ooms will find plenty of pupils anxious to learn the Dutchman's style.

* * *

JOE GIBSON, the professional sculler, was married at Putney, January 16, to Miss Ada Bracknell.

* * *

J. C. AVELING, the British amateur champion skater, has been chosen by the National Skating Association to represent this country in the competition for the amateur championship of the world to be held at Stockholm on February 10 and 11.

* * *

MR. MARCHMONT, champion rifle shot, and Mr. Walters, are to decide a rifle shooting contest at the rooms of the National Sporting Club shortly for £1,000 and the championship.

Manager Fleming will erect a platform in the centre of the hall, where the boxing and smoking contests occur, for the men to stand on; the target will be on the stage.

* * *

M. MICHEL DEBERNOFF, a Russian journalist, and son of General Debernoff, who started some time ago on a walking tour round the world, has arrived at Gibraltar from Cadiz. He has already visited the principal capitals of Europe, and was to start January 18 for Malaga, en route for Africa.

* * *

JOHN ROBERTS and W. Peall have signed articles to play a billiard match of 24,000 up, spot-barred, Peall receiving 9,000 start, at the Egyptian Hall, for £200 a-side. The match commences on Monday, January 29, and each day they play from three to five in the afternoon, and from half-past eight to half-past ten in the evening; and if the match is not finished on Saturday, February 10, it will be continued on the Monday after.

MR. BERNARD JOHN ANGLE.

The London Stock Broker who is famous as a Judge of Glove Contests.

(With Portrait.)

THE members of the National Sporting Club displayed excellent judgment when they elected Bernard John Angle, the stockbroker, as the official referee to act in that capacity in all glove contests decided at its club rooms.

The subject of our sketch first saw the light of day May 7, 1853, and when a young man took to boxing, aquatics, and gymnastics. Though he never held a championship at boxing as a heavy-weight, he has shown his superiority over many champions in bouts of a few rounds' duration. As a sculler he was a speedy man, and did as much as anyone in advancing the interests of aquatics. In all the principal fights of late years Mr. Angle has served as a referee, acting in that capacity in the Sullivan-Mitchell fight at Chantilly, France, in the spring of 1888.

Mr. Angle commands the respect of all the pugilists, and any decision he renders is unquestioned as to its fairness. He has done more than any man in the kingdom to bring boxing to a high level as a sport, and detests anything not strictly honourable and fair.

PERFORMERS AS ENTERTAINERS.

Familiar Scenes at Havre Music Halls not on the Regular Programme.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"THE ordinary visitor to the music halls," says a Havre correspondent, "does not witness all that transpires. It is alleged that those who do a stage turn are also expected to devote a great deal of time in the wine room, where high kicking and all manner of antics are indulged in as an attraction for the young man who chooses to make a night of it. The more wine the more hilarity, so that it requires a loose purse to receive full benefit of the sport. Much has been said of late regarding restrictions being placed on females who perform at the various places, but it is an undisputed fact that many who come here have no idea of modesty, and a few evenings' enjoyment will frequently induce themselves to resign their future to the fate which awaits them." Miss Jinnie Stormont, a young variety artist, furnishes a significant amplification of the Havre music-hall story, which a London evening *Star* man heard from Mr. Bishop recently. "A little more than a year ago," said Miss Stormont, "I wished to leave sketch business for song and dance. My London agent said I should want more experience in that line before he could get me a good English engagement, and offered me an engagement to sing for a month at the Star Music Hall, Havre. He said, 'The house is all right; you will find it as good as your home!' On that I signed a contract for a month at 30s. a week, with my board, lodging, and washing. I left London on a Wednesday night, paying my own fare, and arrived in Havre the following morning. I found that the Star was a respectable-looking house in a street near the harbour, between two quays. But as soon as I got inside I began to think

SOMETHING WAS WRONG.

The proprietors were Mdme. and Mr. Wilson—English people, apparently—and I found five English girls in the house. One had been there six years and said she liked it. I saw the man Jacobs there, and was told that he was Wilson's nephew. The first evening the hall opened at seven, and as soon as I had done my turn Madame told me to go down to the saloon. I looked in, and saw about fifty men and five or six girls drinking together, and behaving in an awful way. The girls evidently had to tempt the men to drink. All drinks were a franc, and the girls were served out of special bottles, which contained cold tea and drink of that kind. I slept in the house that night, but next day I demanded that my contract should be cancelled. Mdme. Wilson replied, 'Very well, as you have given me your notice I may as well tell you that your turns don't suit.' There was a scene, and I demanded that they should pay my fare and allow me to return home at once. They refused, but I went at once

TO THE BRITISH CONSULATE.

When the gentlemen there heard my story, they said, 'Oh, it is Wilson's place, is it? Tell them you have been here, and that they must let you go at once.' When the Wilsons heard that, they gave way, and sent the man Jacobs to the harbour to buy my ticket. He bought a return, and only gave me the outward half. What do you suppose he did with the other? Why, put it in a letter which I had already seen Wilson address to the agent who engaged me in London. I have sharp eyes, and all my wits about me, and I guessed at once that he was to send another girl over in my place with the other half of the ticket."

"How were you treated while in the Wilson's place?" Miss Stormont was asked.

"Oh, I had good food—so far as French cooking goes—and a decent room, but madame tried hard to drive me into the saloon. When I first entered the house one of the English girls greeted me with, 'What, another one come to the hell upon earth?' This girl told me all about her life in the place, and expressed a wish to escape, but I afterwards found she had told madame every word I said. When we sang, the rough sailors in the hall threw money on the stage. I picked mine up and put it in my pocket, but the girls said, 'You will have to

GIVE THAT TO MADAME!'

I said, 'Not much; that's mine.' It was all profit on the girls' drinks, too."

"You seem to have had a very lucky escape?"

"My word, yes. I got there on Thursday, and I was back home on Saturday. I went to see my agent, and he had the cheek to say, 'I'm —— well disgusted with you!' I replied. 'It's I who I ought to be disgusted. You knew what the house was.' He said 'Yes, as good as your home!' and his clerk chimed in, 'The house was all right when I kept it.' I said, 'Oh, you are in it too, are you?' They told me to 'clear out,' but I mean to have my month's money out of them yet."

"Did you see anything of the Bijou Music Hall during your short stay in Havre?"

"Only the outside; but I was given to understand that all the houses were

PRACTICALLY IN A RING."

"And do you think there are many English girls who wish to escape from them?"

"Well, there are plenty of girls, but they are kept in worse than in a boarding school, and I fear most of them have sunk too low to care to get out of it."

"Mrs. Wilson said to me, 'You are no profit to my business. You must go into the saloon and ask the gentlemen to treat you.'" She looked into the room, saw disgusting familiarities taking place, was grossly insulted by an English-speaking man—and resolved on the spot to fight her way out of the trap.

"What was it," asked the reporter, "that you hinted at as the first cause of your alarm?"

"Why, the day I arrived there I was told that I must appear that night in a new sketch. I saw it rehearsed, and said 'No, I have never disgraced myself by appearing in such a shameful piece, and I shall not do so now.'"

"What was the nature of the piece?"

"It was the Stamford Street 'Road to Ruin' case

TURNED INTO BURLESQUE.

The aspirants to music-hall honours came to interview the agent, he tried their voices, got them to dance a few steps in skirts, and—well you know the story. It was travestied there in all its native indecency. And when the horrid show was over we were to go into the saloon in our stage costumes to drink with the men who had been sniggering at the suggestive spectacle on the stage."

"An English Woman Who Has Seen it All Since Ten Years" states that Miss Stormont is far from having overcoloured her picture of the Star Music Hall. She says:—"Havre is the worst hotbed of vice in France, bar none, and I know English women who began by taking engagements in the music halls there and have never dared to face home again. Do not call them artists, or even singers, for any little voice or talent they may have is soon lost through the brutalising libations they are expected to swallow night after night. I know the Star and its proprietors, and from its dimensions, it could never pay the Wilsons did not the girls encourage men to order expensive drinks. What I understand you to mean by the saloon has an open front over the side of the stage, where the girls come and show themselves between their turns. Next door to the Star, you have the Gaiety, worse and worse!"

DON'T YOU WISH TO RETIRE?

A Practical Hint to a Lover to go Home Before Midnight.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE young men in courting a girl cannot be too long in the company of the object of their attention before marriage, but, when once married, quite a different feeling prevails.

A "spoony" chap was given a practical lesson recently at Hull, and it will be the means of hastening the marriage ceremony somewhat. He made it a point to pay nightly visits, and while he kept the gas turned down extremely low he would prolong the visit into the small hours of the morning. During the day the young lady was inclined to appear languid, displayed no ambition to assist her mother in performing the duties of the household. The old lady regarded some extreme move necessary to alter the status of affairs, and the other night as the clock struck the midnight hour she entered the drawing room unannounced, carrying in her hands nightwear for the couple. She suggested they should both retire, but the young man was so abashed that he was unable to make any argument.

Leaving the nightwear on a chair she bade them good-night The young man made a hasty retreat for his home, but not until he had betrothed the girl of his choice, they agreeing to a marriage at an early date, when the couple will taboo the old lady.

UNIQUE PUBLIC HOUSE SIGNS.

How Customers, Applauding a Yankee Notion, Fail to Realize its Truthfulness.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THERE is a saloon keeper in Pittsburg, U.S.A., who is continually getting up some new scheme to attract trade. His latest exploit was to have all his bottles on the back bar labelled with skulls and cross-bones, and hang up signs which read, "Road to Hell," and hand with index finger pointing toward the bar. Another prescribed "Nose Paint Sold Here," and a third, in a prominent place, read "Warranted to Rot your Stomach in five years, if you will stick to it." There is more truth than poetry in the signs, though customers hail the placards with delight. There is no law against adulterating liquor in the States, and some establishments dispense stock unfit to enter any human stomach.

IT WAS DO OR DIE!

Extreme Measures Fail to Effect a Cure on an Ambitious Man.

(Subject of Illustration.)

It is an old saying that music hath charms, but when one tune is rattled off and the same song sung week in and week out, it soon becomes disgusting to the unfortunates who are compelled to listen to the melody. Take any fair-sized lodging house, and you will invariably find one of the occupants display a fad for music, and have vague ideas of future prominence on the stage. When such a notion besieges the brain it invariably leads the victim to extremes in his practice, forcing his neighbours to resort to harsh measures to effect a cure. The majority of the people at large consider the street organ or band distasteful, and fairly shudder at its approach.

In a mammoth Liverpool lodging-house there is an individual who imagines he is destined to make his mark as a banjoist and warbler. Since "After the Ball" has taken such a deep root on the British public the gentleman has made that tune a speciality, and it is the same thing over and over again from eight o'clock in the evening till past midnight, and on Sunday the solitary concert begins earlier in the day.

The torture which the man in the next room to his had to undergo was beyond description, and, finding harsh remedies would be necessary to effect a cure, he erected a vice, purchased a saw and a coarse file. Procuring a bottle of whisky, he placed it on a chair so that he could partake of an occasional reviver. The other evening he went to his room and awaited the beginning of "After the Ball," by his odious neighbour, when he buckled to and opened up operations. The screeching sound emanating from the file coming in contact with the saw on one side and the thrumming of the banjo and distressing lungs of the ambitious musician on the other, created a noise too fearful for a human being to be subjected to.

This was kept up till midnight, when both retired. On the second evening saw number two was purchased, to be utilized in case of emergency. Perseverance and madness are the only motives required in any man, and it came to a test who could survive the greatest length of time. One saw was filed completely away, and the second well wore into, and an empty bottle on the chair, when the landlady ordered hostilities to cease. The lodgers were changed about, one man being placed in a room one end of the first floor, and the singer lodged in an attic chamber where he can now sing his lungs out, or else wear off the thumb of his right hand banging away at the banjo, which still remits the melody of "After the Ball."

CHARACTER BETRAYED BY FOOTWEAR.

Secrets of a Well-dressed Foot.

Kinds Commonly Seen in America.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"When a woman judges a woman's costume she commences at the bonnet. When a man pronounces upon woman's attire he begins at the boots. If they are above reproach in the matter of fastenings, if they are snug and well-fitted, and seem to indicate that they conceal slender ankles and small feet, the man pronounces the woman smartly dressed, even if the gown be two seasons old and the bonnet a back number. And the most gorgeous attire is lost upon the man who catches beneath the silken skirts a worn and run-over shoe, or one badly fitted or lacking by so much as a single button in completeness," writes our New York Correspondent. "In an argument I had a few days ago with two friends we decided to drop into a saloon on Sixth Avenue and see what sort of a variety of feet we would notice pass by during fifteen minutes' time. Being fifteen feet below the level of the sidewalk we had an excellent chance of perceiving the feet of all passers by. I send you a sketch, some of which we saw and are worthy of illustration, though I shall not mention each style in my article.

"Now that faultless dresser, the French woman, would as soon think of wearing a ready-made gown as a shoe not made to order on her own particular last. She recognises the fact that a shoe turned out on a general model will not fit a foot made on a particular model. French women have the prettiest feet in the world, presumably because they take the best care of them. They never dream of torturing their feet by wearing pointed toes and high heels on their walking boots, even though they walk far less than their American sisters. If, as rarely happens, their feet are broad and pudgy, they select a shoe much longer in size than is necessary, and thus decrease the apparent width. Soft kid they choose because it is more comfortable to wear and can be fitted more snugly than heavier leather. One place on the boot is always tight and that is over the instep. Whatever her moral standards may admit of in the way of elasticity, a French woman's integrity of principle in regard to her shoe buttons is of the kind the patriots and early martyrs died for. One or two intrigues, a lover more or less—that can be forgiven. But a shoe button forgetful of its high calling—that is beyond pardon.

"Now the average woman goes into the shoe store and insists that she wears a shoe two sizes smaller than her number. That is one of the odd things about a woman. She will die for a principle, and she wouldn't lie to save her own husband from the gallows; but the best of them all is perfectly unprincipled when it comes to the matter of shoes. Having announced that she wears a three shoe when she needs a four, she insists that it is plenty large enough, and hobbles out on her poor cramped toes, just to show the impertinent clerk how mistaken he was. The result is that the new boots are never comfortable until they have been stretched quite out of shape and are worn and shabby. Then she repeats the performance, and the result is that she spends most of her life in old shoes, only wearing the new ones on occasions, when the pain must be borne smilingly because there is no other way. And another most undesirable result of the perversity of the sex is that in the so-called 'breaking' of new shoes the feet are tortured with all manner of ills known to the chiropodist's lore, most of them quite beyond his skill to cure, so that the last of that woman is worse than the first, and the era of low shoes and gaiters comes early in life. Now, there is nothing more natty and snug than a well-fitting gaiter smartly buckled over a good-shaped low shoe, but when the gaiter breaks down to a flat foot, wrinkling across the low instep, particularly if the shoe by this time, as is apt to be the case, has begun to run over a bit at the heel, then the sight of it is enough to alienate the affections of the best man in the world. Some men claim that they can tell whether a woman is married or single by the ethics of the boot, for single women are more inclined to be careless in these small details than are married women, whose husbands call them to order as to the buttons and heels. And observing men insist that when a perennial girl really gives up all hope you can see it in the comfortable fit of her boots before she will acknowledge it to herself or to her Maker.

"Now the real secret of a well-dressed foot is this: Buy the new shoes so large and comfortable in fit that they can be put on and worn without discomfort. A new boot two sizes too large is neater and more attractive than a worn one ever so small, and the foot looks smaller in it. Wearing old shoes is a habit which it takes something more than the Keeley cure to break up. Burn up the shabby slippers and try new ones of such soft kid, and so large in size that you can put them on with perfect comfort. Have many pairs of shoes on hand at the same time, and change from one to the other to rest the feet. In most of the shoe stores of the best class, the fitters know exactly the kind of boot a woman needs, and if she doesn't insist on wearing one three sizes too small, or on being fitted into a certain number because 'she has always worn it and knows that her foot isn't any larger now than it was six years ago,' even though she has increased her weight by one-third, she will get a well-fitted boot.

"Now as to the style of boots to be worn. The fallacy that every foot ought to be fitted into a low-heeled, common-sense shoe has long ago been exploded. Feet have undergone a complete change since the days of the Greek sandal. From the constant wearing of heels the ankle tendon has become, to a slight degree, shortened, and needs the support of a heel to make it comfortable. And for a high-arched foot, long and slender, to be crowded into a flat common-sense shoe, produces more discomfort than all the much decried French boots ever did. One of the flat-footed women splashing along through the mud in these ungainly common-sense boots that let your feet down all over into every puddle, and doing it all with a superior air to think she has conquered the last dragon of vanity, is a most exasperating spectacle to a dainty, right-minded woman with a pretty foot that fashionable boots really fit. The happy medium is always the better choice, and even common sense has its own vain glory and conceit as well as the most frivolous vanity. Many a woman in the craze for hygienic dress has come home from a day's shopping with her ankles fairly in cramps from trying to wear the flat-heeled boots, and spent a sad and complaining hour cleaning the mud from her garments accumulated through the splashing of those same boots, which she swears a terrible woman's oath by all her hairpins never to put on her feet again, and for once in her life doesn't break it.

"English women have the ugliest feet in the world, but from them we have copied the latest idea in boots, which are made of calf-skin, like men's boots, only finer and softer. They are blacked in the same way as a man's boots, and therein lies their excellence, for they may be made like new after every wearing. It is a kind of problem to the girl to know just how to get the boots blacked, unless she is so fortunate as to keep a maid, and many a small boy brother is earning his pocket-money these days blacking his sisters' shoes. It is considered quite the swagger thing to get these boots made at men's bootmakers, particularly the kind of a bootmaker who will not touch them except through the intercession of one of his regular male customers, and charges a great deal more than they are worth to make them at all. There is something so exciting about getting them fitted and going with this particular customer to order them, particularly if the foot is small and dainty and he may find out the measurements.

"In the matter of the stocking, which sometimes shows a bit above the boot on windy days when the pavement is wet, the woman's code ordains that the stocking shall be as smooth and snug as well-shaped webbing and modern invention in the matter of clasps and buckles can make it. Any right-minded girl, with any sort of rectitude of principle, will fasten her stockings with safety pins before she will let them wrinkle down over her boots. When a woman sees one of her sisters with wrinkled stockings down goes the barometer of her opinion. If the offender has a husband, the other woman knows he doesn't care for her, and she doesn't blame him any. That her children are not properly fed, that she gives her baby paregoric, that she neglects her household to be running after false gods, suffrage-confabs, and clubs and reform leagues, and societies for the study of Hindustanee or something equally futile, goes without without saying. If a girl wears wrinkled stockings there isn't a woman in the world would want her son to marry the girl, because her top drawer is sure to be full of curl papers and always in a mess, the buttons and tapes off her clothes, and, generally speaking, her character and disposition wholly unreliable. She would, if she were married, shut a man's dress shirts into the drawer so as to break the the bosoms, she would leave his socks all undarned or stick the rents together with court plaster, let the baby sit down on his new silk hat, and never have her sheets and pillow cases numbered and in order."

LONG LIVE ANARCHY.

Strange freak of a Crank in Piccadilly.

(Subject of Illustration.)

At Marlborough Street Police Court on Jan. 13, a man who gave the name of William Govelle, and described himself as a pianoforte key maker and an English subject, but declined to give the police his address, was brought up on the charge of having willfully broken a plate-glass window in the shop of Messrs. Spink and Sons, silversmiths and jewellers, of 18, Piccadilly, and caused damage amounting to £6. Mr. Samuel Bird, a wine merchant, of 20, Bedford Street, Strand, said that at about a quarter to six on Jan. 12, while passing along Piccadilly, he heard a crash of glass, and saw Govelle, who was standing near Messrs. Spinks' window, lower his arm as though from the act of throwing. The window was broken. Govelle almost immediately walked away, and he (Mr. Bird) placed himself in front of the shop to frustrate any attempt at theft. It occurred to him that it might have been dynamite which had been thrown.—Govelle: That's what it ought to have been.—Frederick Lark, an assistant to Messrs. Spink, said that he was in the shop at the time the window was broken. He ran out, and seeing the prisoner hurrying away, followed him and held him until a police officer came up. The pieces of glass had damaged the silver ware exhibited in the window.—Detective Lawrence, of Scotland Yard, said that at the time of the occurrence he was with Detective M'Donald in Piccadilly, about fifty yards from the shop. When Mr. Lark stopped the prisoner he (Lawrence) assisted to take him back to the shop. On the pavement near the window he found a brick wrapped in brown paper. On the way to Vine Street Police Station Govelle exclaimed "Long live Anarchy! Vive l'Anarchie! Down with the police!" Addressing Mr. Buss, manager to Messrs. Spink, after his arrival at Vine Street, Govelle added, "I do not fight against you, but against the system."—Inspector Mansfield said that he took the charge. The prisoner exclaimed, "Long live Anarchy!" when in the station. The damage was estimated on Friday evening at £5, but when Mr. Buss examined the articles in the window he found that it would cost at least another sovereign to repair them.—Govelle complained that the cost of the damage was raised in order that the magistrate might be compelled to send him to the sessions. The evidence, he added, was substantially correct, with the exception of the cries which the detective alleged that he uttered. It is our rotten social system that made men criminals. For a man in his position there was nothing to do but to starve, commit suicide, or go to prison. He had chosen the last course. "Now fetch your gaolers as quickly as you like and take me off," he concluded.—Mr. Hannay committed him for trial.

OHIO MINERS FIGHT WITH RIFLES.

A Feud Between Rival Towns Causes a Serious Row.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"The rivalry which has existed between the towns of Dayton and Frazier in the State of Ohio," writes a correspondent, "has at various times during the past five years been the cause of many serious riots. The worst one occurred at Dayton, New Year's night. A dance was in progress in the village hall here, and nearly half of the people of the town were present, when with loud hallooing a crowd of miners from Frazier flocked in.

"The women present were driven terror-stricken out. The men hastened home and secured their Winchesters. Gathering in the public square they met to drive the miners from the town.

"City Marshal Lawson was arguing with a gang of the miners in Tucker's restaurant, when some one drew a revolver and fired, the bullet entering the officer's stomach, killing him instantly.

"In a moment the news of his shooting was carried to the men in the public square. They hastened to within range of the tavern and opened up fire on the visitors. Frank Doud, Deputy United States Marshal under President Harrison, was badly injured. John Gustafson, a prominent man of the town, was shot in the head.

"In the morning a number of the miners returned to their homes at Frazier, and only about thirty remained. They were quarrelsome, and to guard against future trouble from them, an armed guard of twenty men patrolled the streets of Dayton.

"Just before the train on the Rock Island pulled in that evening, the leaders of the armed patrol decided to arrest eight of the ringleaders of the miners who still remained with the thirty in the city.

"This came near precipitating another battle. Every miner was armed, and it was only by the formation of a solid phalanx around the miners that they were able to get them safely to the cars and started for Fort Dodge, where charges of riot and murder will be made against the prisoners."

OPIUM RAID IN BOSTON.

The Culprits Arrested and Fined.

(Subject of Illustration.)

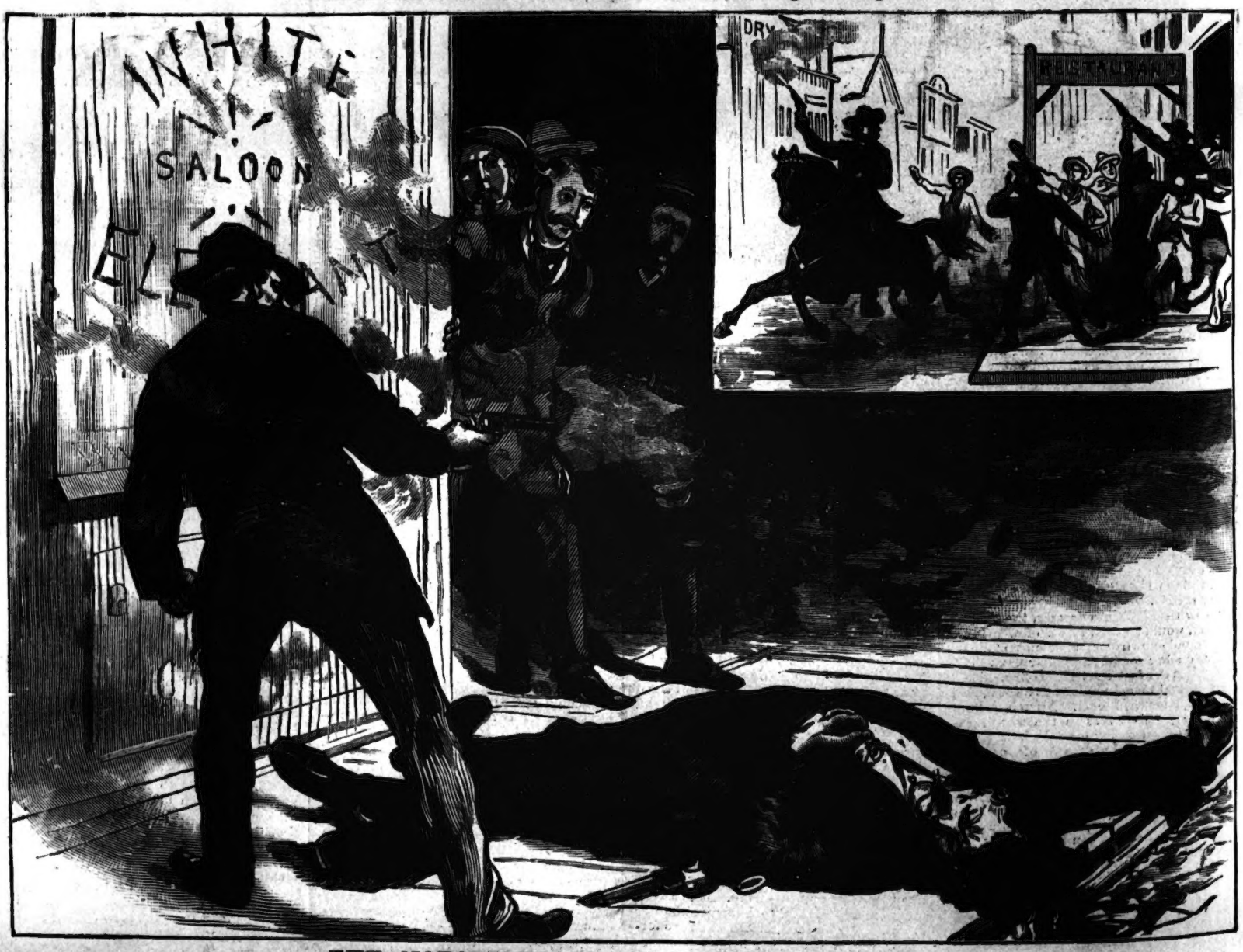
One addicted to the opium habit is to be pitied. In the United States to-day there are thousands who are slaves to the drug, and it practically robs them of all sense of propriety and intellect. It is generally conceded that the Chinese were the first to introduce the habit of "Hitting the Pipe," as it is called, into the States. The opium joints run by the almond-eyed wretches are that filthy and offensive to a respectable citizen, that to enter one would create a nauseous sensation which is not discarded for some little time. A few years ago in Boston, that city of culture, the Celestials would entice young girls of from a dozen to eighteen years of age into their dens and induce them to try the pipe. A few whiffs would place them beyond all sense of realisation, and whilst in that condition they would be subjected to ravages which would ruin their future. Once the effect of the drug is slept off then comes a spell of remorse, and it is when in that condition the the Chinaman in his pigeon English will explain how low and degraded the victim has become, and will hold forth temptation to the ruined maiden to continue in the downward path. If the victim is of a prepossessing appearance, she is again loaded up with the drug and kept under surveillance until such time as she has become a slave to the habit. Once in complete control, and satisfied to retain the victim as a mistress, he then inaugurates a cure for the habit. The girl realises how degraded she has become, and surrenders herself wholly to the power of the man who has ruined her life.

Occurrences have become so frequent in Boston that the authorities have been compelled to inaugurate a series of raids, the first successful one taking place on May Sing's den recently. On three sides of the cellar where the crimes were committed were a series of bunks, and there lie fully twenty miserable-looking specimens of humanity sleeping off the effects of their "pleasure." Beside one sat a Mongolian cooking the deathly drug for a customer when the police made an unexpected entrance. The tray containing the paraphernalia was seized and all hands marched through Harrison Avenue, the Chinatown of Boston, to the police station. A more insufferable parcel of humanity it would be difficult to find than those who were called upon to enrol their names on the police register previous to being confined in cells.

The Celestial who conducted the place and his customers were brought before the magistrate, and heavy fines imposed on all hands. It is the first conviction in Boston, and more are sure to follow until the evil dens are swept from the town.

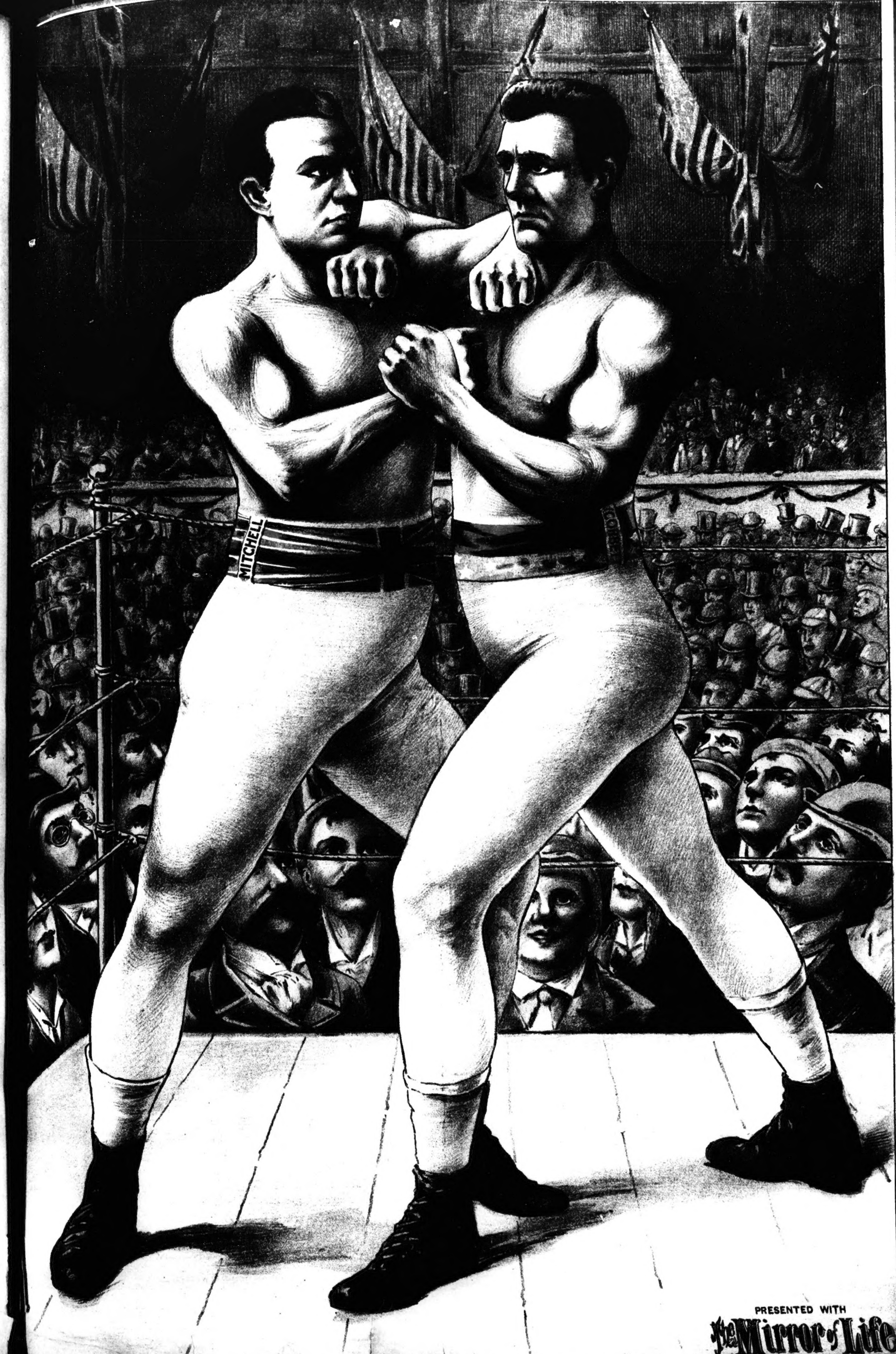
PERFORMERS AS ENTERTAINERS.

Familiar Scenes at Havre Music Halls not on the Regular Programme.



THE NOTORIOUS TRAIN ROBBER ESCAPES.

Chris Evans' Daring Break for Liberty. He Shoots Marshall Morgan.



PRESENTED WITH

The Mirror of Life

OHIO MINERS FIGHT WITH RIFLES.

A Feud between Rival Towns Causes a Serious Row.

OPIUM RAID IN BOSTON.

The Culprits Arrested and Fined.

AROUND THE RING.

Corbett-Mitchell Fight.

Will it take Place?

National Sporting Club's opening Meet.

Diamond beaten by White.

Phillips Lowers Brennan's Colours.

The Old 'Un makes a Good Fight, however.

Fighting at Home and Abroad.

(With Coloured Supplement.)

THE coming match between James J. Corbett, American Champion, and Charles Mitchell, English Boxing Champion, will probably occur outside of Jacksonville, Thursday, January 25. The Governor of Florida is decidedly fixed in his declaration that the fight shall not occur in Jacksonville, or, in fact, in any part of Florida, whilst the Duval Club members defy him and say the battle will be fought as scheduled, but at a secret spot not to be made known till the day set for the match. They claim they can handle 6,000 people conveniently the day set, and convey them to a spot where the contest can be brought to a decision undisturbed. A great crowd met on January 17 at the Metropolitan Hall, Jacksonville, when a resolution was adopted protesting against the alleged intention of the Governor to call out the militia in order to prevent the fight between Corbett and Mitchell. Several prominent inhabitants spoke, including three town councilmen, and the proceedings were marked by much excitement.

The Governor, in the course of an interview, said: "I have ordered out the troops to prevent the contest. If an effort is made to hold it the Duval Club will provoke a conflict with the State for which it alone will be responsible." Several companies of militia belonging to the southern section of the State have received orders from the Governor to assemble at Jacksonville on the day for which the fight is advertised. These companies will obey the Governor's orders. So bitter are the rival factions that it is not impossible that a riot and bloodshed may result if the Militia attempt to prevent the party from leaving Jacksonville the day appointed. It has become known by a few persons outside the Duval Club that the battle-ground will be in Nassau County, directly to the north of Duval County, at a point between the town of Fernandina and Jacksonville, and within six miles of Fernandina. The tent will only be pitched after the train arrives. No information as to the exact spot will be given until an hour before the train starts. Mitchell has signified his willingness to fight anywhere in Florida, and should the Sheriff discover the place of meeting, other sites have been arranged to which a large number of persons could be taken within an hour's notice. The club has offered to give the State of Florida 25,000 dols. not to interfere, but it was promptly refused.

Those on the inside claim it will be plain sailing till after the match is decided, because it will be utterly impossible for the militia to follow the crowd, and there is little to be feared from the Sheriff. As the time for the contest draws near, the odds on Corbett are going up, and it is exceedingly likely that at the ring side they will be as high as 3 to 1. The place chosen for the fight is known to but few. Both men are trained to the hour, and if they do not wish to overdo it, they will take it easy. It will probably require some clever work on the part of the club management to smuggle the men outside of the State after the fight does occur, and it is safe to say neither one will care to visit Florida for some time to come. Without a doubt, the interference on the part of the Governor will kill him in the future as an office-seeker, and it is hardly likely another effort will ever be made to bring off a match of importance in that section of the country.

Mitchell is in in perfect condition. He says he is confident he will win. He added: "I am willing to have the contest occur in private. Any arrangements that suit Corbett will be satisfactory to me." The Sheriff states that the Governor is highly indignant at the defiant attitude of the club, and threatens to stop the fight at all hazards if possible. The Sheriff says the fight will not come off in this county if he can prevent it, but the club people do not believe that he will have the power to interfere. A rumour is now current in Jacksonville to the effect that the chief of police has sworn 400 special constables and deputies to arrest the State Militia in the event of their interfering with the contest, which the city has authorised by special license. On being questioned with regard to this report, the city officers, while not denying the story, laughed at it. The officials of the Duval Club still profess to be confident that they will pull the fight off in secret, but they seem to be exceedingly anxious about it.

Jack Dempsey will be one of Corbett's seconds in the ring. The betting is now 100 to 60 on the American.

The Duval Club has leased the railway to Maryport for the 25th instant. So the battle can be fought somewhere on the Maryport road, under a tent.

* * *

MR. JOHN FLEMING might well be proud of his opening show at the National Sporting Club on January 15th. It was well patronised by the members, who fully appreciated the efforts of their manager to bring off a good evening's entertainment. Jem Burge, the Australian, did not spar, but was introduced to the assemblage. His companions, Hugh Napier and Mick Dunn, done three-round bouts, and their desire to make a clever display had a tendency to show them to a disadvantage. Whilst Napier may be a good man in a finish fight, he overdoes himself in an exhibition spar. He held his own against Walter Eyles, but a man coming from the Colonies is expected to do more than that at his first appearance here. Mick Dunn boxed three rounds with Alf. Bowman, and from the form he showed no man would ever accuse him of being a world beater at his weight. Harry Felton, of the Navy, done three rounds with Cock Robin, and though he expressed a desire to meet men of 10st weight, with no barrier against any in that class, the display he made convinced the spactators that pulling a rope or setting a sail would suit his ability better than boxing. Cock Robin was fat and all out of form, but that did not prevent him from flogging the sailor about as he chose. The preliminary bouts were numerous, and on the whole very interesting.

The event of the evening was between Anthony Diamond, of Birmingham, and Ted White, of Walthamstow, for a purse of £100. They were booked to box twenty rounds. Diamond has been a good man in his day, but a rest for some time, and having been a publican of late years, he showed that he had gone back considerably. At times he displayed cleverness with his feet and hands, and landed often enough to murder any ordinary boxer, but his blows lacked the steam necessary to have much effect on a man of White's calibre. The Walthamstow man assumed the aggressive during the greater portion of the battle, and kept up a continual thumping on the boards with his left foot, a habit which does not tend to improve a man's hitting ability. He was seconded by Pat Condon and Jem Goode, whilst Jem Carney and Posh Price done services for Diamond.

Mr. Bernard J. Angle was referee, and G. H. Cousins timekeeper.

Diamond sparred with a quick action, and landed his left on the face frequently in the first rounds, but his blows appeared to have no force. White retaliated in like fashion, and tried several times without result. He then reached the neck with the sinister glove, and added another on the forehead, which brought them to close quarters, when Diamond jabbed his man with the left on the chest. Several times they clinched. Diamond dashing in swung the left on the ribs, and then kept close to avoid. Thence to the end of the round he acted on the defensive, White going in with the left at the head. During the four succeeding rounds it was plain to be seen that White was doing the more telling work, and was by far the fresher man. Considerable time was lost in sparring in the sixth round, when White got in a heavy body blow with his left. He followed up, and getting Diamond at the ropes fibbed away, trying to bring off the right, but Diamond was very clever and twisted out of danger as White was told not to hold. The Londoner then tried long range shots and reached the face several times, but he was well met by Diamond, who, closing with his man, avoided all he could. White, towards the end, dropped the left on the chin and chest. White essayed to force matters in the seventh round, and landed with the left on the head, and this brought Diamond at him with a rush. The latter got both hands across on the head, and, in addition, reached lightly with the left. White had the best of the work which followed, Diamond trying again with the right finished by clinching. White started the business, but his left-hander went harmlessly over Diamond's shoulder. He tried two or three times with the same result, or else Diamond saved himself by clever arm defence. Diamond swung the left on the ear, but the blow lacked power, while White with a swinger landed sharply on the neck. The Londoner forced the pace a bit afterwards, and bustled Diamond across the ring, but the Brum was very tricky and dodged about, taking very little punishment, although White once caught him rather sharply on the mouth with an upper cut. Up to the twelfth round White kept after Diamond, and though the latter was receiver-general for heavy blows with both hands, he managed to avoid a great deal of punishment by dodging about. Diamond appeared a bit groggy at the end of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth rounds, but careful attention during the interval freshened him up at the call of time for each round. In the thirteenth round White kept up a rattle of blows on the head, but they lacked steam, and did little damage. White looked very determined as he stopped up for the fourteenth round, and he dashed at his man in a very vigorous manner. Feinting and drawing him on, he smashed the left on the body and mouth. This did Diamond no good, and he gave way. White following him up well, but the latter now failed to hit with any power, and Diamond defended himself with all his old cleverness. The fifteen round was characterised by sparring, and Diamond appeared to recover strength with the respite. White once more did all the leading the following round, Diamond saving himself all he could, but he had to take several hard raps on the head. The Londoner made a big effort in the seventeenth round, and rushing his man to a corner, roughed him considerably with half-arm work on the head. Diamond avoided, slipped, and dodged, but came out of the scrimmage a bit groggy. White lost no time in following up his advantage, and sent in a hot left-hander on the jaw. This shook the Birmingham man considerably, and he was very weak to the end of the round, White giving him no rest. Diamond was very little the worse for it after a rest in the corner, and renewed the contest with as much confidence as ever. He acted on the defensive, and warded off a lot of well-intended blows, but nabbed a straight left-hander on the mouth. There was little else done until just at the close, when Diamond dropped the left on the chin, but it was little better than a tap. In the twentieth round Diamond simply saved himself all he possibly could. By dodging away, ducking to avoid, or getting to close quarters, he took as little punishment as possible, and at the close the verdict went to White. The winner hails from Walthamstow, was 26 years of age on May 18 last. He stands 5ft 8¼in in height. In 1886 he won a silver cup at the Printers' Sports, Tottenham; won a cup at the East London School of Arms, Philpot Lane, 1886; won a heavy-weight competition at the Orion Gymnasium, 1887; won the heavy-weight amateur championship, St. James's Hall, 1887; beaten by Jem Kendrick in Ben Hyams's Competition, 1888; beat Pat Condon, eight rounds, Panton Street, Haymarket, 1888; runner-up to Alec Burns, Haymarket Theatre, 1888; won £15 competition, beating Bill Husbands in final, Pelican Club, 1889; beat Jack Richardson, Wood Green, Pentonville Baths, 1889; won Frank Hynde's 10st 4lb championship, Aquarium, 1889; won Ben Hyams' 11st championship £90 competition, beating Bat Mullins in the final; beat Jack Burgin, six rounds, Ben Hyams' Contests, 1889; beat A. Bobbett, eleven rounds, Waite's School of Arms, 1889; beaten by Sam Baxter, in final Charley White's Competition, 1889; beat Tom Meadows (Australian Lightweight Champion), eight rounds, 1889; beat Alec Burns, eight rounds, Pelican Club, 1890; beat Ted Rich, one round and a half, Pelican Club, 1890; beaten by John O'Brian, Pelican Club, 1890; beat Jack Welland, twelve rounds, National Sporting Club; beaten by Billy M'Carty, thirteen rounds, National Sporting Club; won Middle-weight Championship Belt, National Sporting Club; beat George Crisp, Newcastle, National Sporting Club.

* * *

MAURICE PHILLIPS, of Mile End, and D'Arcy Brennan, of Canning Town, met on January 18, at the Goodwin Gymnasium, to decide their twenty-round match with four-ounce gloves.

Previous to the event of the evening there were two six-round battles, the first being between H. Wheeler, of Shoreditch, and C. Wood, of Hoxton. The former used his left to good advantage throughout, and in the last round Wood set going all he knew, but Wheeler was more than his match, and with a hot one he brought the Hoxton man down. He rose, but Wheeler had all the best of it to the end, and gained the verdict. The meet between Ernest Stanton, of Stratford, and T. Smith, of Canning Town, was rather one-sided. Stanton slugged his opponent for four rounds, when Smith threw up his hands.

Brennan is 46 years of age, and laboured under the impression that he could cope with Phillips, who is nearly twenty years his junior. He put up a good fight, but youth told in favour of the younger man. In the opening rounds Brennan done some very good work, but his age told, and Phillips forced him to the ropes in nearly every round.

In the fifth round Phillips set going with the left on the face, and timing his man well, stepped in and delivered the left bang on the head two or three times. Dashing in, he smashed both hands on the head, rattling the veteran a bit. Brennan, instead of attending to his business, kept talking to those outside the ring, and taking his eyes off his man, nabbed a smasher on the ear. Brennan brought his man down with a sharp right-hander in the sixth round and repeated the dose twice in the eighth round. The two succeeding rounds were in favour of Brennan, but in the eleventh round Phillips forced the work, and by repeated rushes weakened the old man. Bringing the right round he landed heavily on Brennan's jaw a blow which dazed the Canning Town man for a bit. He, however, met Phillips's onslaught cleverly, and after receiving a lot of punishment sent in a sharp reminder that he was still on deck. At the call of time for the fourteenth round Brennan smashed the right over on the head, which woke Phillips up, and the latter retaliated with both hands. He got in again, and driving his man about planted left and right heavily on the jaw, while a smasher on the ribs did Brennan no good, but he recovered in remarkable fashion, and had none the worst of the last minute's boxing. Phillips put in some severe work in the fifteenth round, and badly rattled the old 'un. He was game, however, and came up for the sixteenth round a bit groggy. Phillips rushing at him drove him across the ring, where he knocked him down with a right-hander, Brennan being counted out.

* * *

AT the Raglan Music Hall, January 15, several contests were brought to a decision. The opening battle was one of six rounds between Jack Sweeney and Bert Smith. Smith did most of the leading, and made capital use of his left, several times getting home on face and body, whilst his opponent was frequently out of distance in his deliveries. In the third round both lads tried the right and landed, Sweeney with the greater effect, and he also brought his opponent down with the left, but Smith was soon up again. They fought away gallantly with both hands until the call of time, Sweeney being the fresher of the two when they were ordered to their respective corners. The fast work in the previous round made them a bit slower in the fourth until the last minute, when the exchanges were again heavy. Sweeney took a lot of body punishment, and although receiver-general in the fifth, he again stuck to his work like a Trojan. Smith's straight left and better defence enabled him to score more points in the last round, but the verdict went in favour of Sweeney.

Bill Corbett and J. Goode kept busy for six rounds. The former displaying superior strength and science, gained a decided advantage at the outset, which he maintained throughout, and was declared the winner. This was followed by a ten-round battle between Ted Daley, of Leather Lane, and Fred Gardner, of Bermondsey. Immediately time was called Daley set about his man with both hands with surprising effect. After painting him the colour of a red man with the left, he twice brought him down with the right, and it looked any odds on the Leather Lane lad. Gardner, however, was not half done with, and came up as game as man could do during the following three rounds, and landed heavily with the left more than once. In the last of these Daley inflicted a lot more punishment, three times bringing the Bermondsey lad to the boards, and the last of these put paid to the latter's account, Gardner failing to rise in the stipulated ten seconds, and Daley was given the award. A. Guttridge and Barney Hyams boxed a four-round draw, and then made way for the ten-round fight between Arthur Valentine, of Lambeth, and Jack Farley, of Birmingham. At the outset, Valentine cut out the pace, and landed several blows on Farley's left eye. The latter fought very well in the second round, drawing first blood, and also landed the left on the mark, Valentine chiefly replying with the left on the face. There was nothing much to choose in the third round, Farley showing much better form than expected. The Midlander forced the work in the fourth round, and three times got on without a return. Valentine did not relish this, and tried to bring off the right on the jaw, but the countryman slipped him, and Arthur had to rely more on his left, which he frequently got home, but seldom without being countered. Continuing to make play, Farley was always busy, but his blows seemed to lack the power of his early efforts, and Valentine played a waiting game. The Lambeth man made more use of himself in the eighth round, and the Brum hitting out of distance twice, slipped, Valentine just failing to land the right. The ninth round again saw Farley doing the leading, Valentine being content to counter when within reach without going to meet his man. The Midlander fought with great spirit, and landed his left frequently on Arthur's face, now and again varying this by paying a visit to the mark and ribs. Twice Valentine sent him back with forcible punches in the face; still, the provincial would not be denied. The tenth and last round was finely contested, Farley again doing nearly all the leading, Valentine having to bring all his knowledge to bear in order to stall him off. By sheer force of strength he twice nearly pushed Farley down, but the latter recovered, and was going well when time was called. The referee declared Valentine the winner.

* * *

FOUR glove contests were decided at the Coventry School of Arms, London, January 18, under the management of Bill Baxter. The first, between Darkey Edwards, of Shoreditch, and George Newman, of Spitalfields, was of eight rounds' duration. The latter opened the ball with a spanking left full between Darkey's eyes, and repeating the dose, he made Edwards fairly blink again. Darkey, however, showed a good straight left, and some good punches with this hand steadied Newman a bit in the last few seconds. Coming up

again Newman fought with wonderful determination. Regardless of consequences he rushed in and delivered some rare hot blows on the body. So vicious was the onslaught of Newman that Edwards was fairly outfought for a little while. Edwards, however, pulled himself together, and for six rounds it was evenly contested. In the seventh round Newman's head came heavily in contact with Darkey's mouth, splitting the bottom lip. The battle was fought out to the bitter end, both putting in all they knew. Edwards, however, stayed the best and won a grand bout. The second battle, one of ten rounds, was between George Baxter and J. Harrison. It was Harrison's first battle as a professional, and he lacked speed of delivery. Baxter found little trouble to hold an advantage throughout, and at the end of ten rounds was given the verdict. Bill Bailey and J. Loader were booked to contest eight rounds. It proved an interesting combat throughout, the men doing heavy work on the face and body. In the third round Loader got in a right-hander under the heart, but, quickly pulling round, Bailey resumed slogging, and in some vicious two-handed fighting he more than held his own. Loader relied almost entirely on his left, but Bailey banged away, landing on any part of Loader's anatomy that happened to be in the way, and his continuous lead enabled him to claim an advantage when half the allotted rounds had been fought out. From here to the finish of a really grand set-to Bailey was always the aggressor. At close quarters his strength told the usual tale, and never relaxing his efforts for a moment he kept Loader on the go. At the finish Bailey got the award.

* * *

A CONTEST with four-ounce gloves for £20 a-side, and an added purse of £25, was decided at Johnson's Gymnasium, Kingsland Road, January 15, between E. Marlow, of Stratford, and T. Duggan, better known as Snowball. In the opening round very little time was wasted in sparring, as Snowball shot out his left on the head, but was well countered by Marlow, and it was thus early seen that the contest would not be a long one, as the pair boxed all over the ring in hurricane fashion, without paying any attention to stopping each other's blows, first one and then the other appearing to hold the trump card, when Snowball got home a heavy blow on the mark. Both men were anxious for fight in the second round, and directly they got within measurable distance Marlow shot his left straight on the chin, and followed it up with two more punches of a similar character on the face without a return. This seemed to nonplus Snowball, who boxed very wildly. The friends of Marlow cheered their man on now, and after he landed a punch on the mark, Snowball fell forward, where he lay a few seconds, but got up again, only to be receiver-general, as Marlow swung his right on the jaw, and down he went again, and being unable to rise in the stipulated time, Marlow was declared the winner.

* * *

AN 8st competition for £10 in prizes was brought to a successful conclusion at Harewood Street Gymnasium, Leeds, Jan. 15. Four lads were left in, and every bout was a good one. In the first contest W. Wilson, Leeds, beat J. Wheal, Hull, after a splendid exhibition by both men. J. Manning, Hanley, and J. Taylor, Birkenhead Athletic Club, completed the semi-final round. Both tried very hard, and boxed well, but Manning got his man in trouble in the last minute of the second round, and Taylor was counted out. Tommy Fitzpatrick (Liverpool) and E. Owen (Hanley) then sparred four very pretty and scientific rounds, the Hanley lad showing very fine form indeed for one so young opposed to an old practitioner like Fitzpatrick. The final bout, between Manning and Wilson, was a real treat. The first three rounds were very even, but in the last Wilson fell weak, and Manning forcing the exchanges, gained the upper hand, and was very properly awarded the verdict.

* * *

AT the Borough of Finsbury Club, January 15, a series of contests were decided for purses. The first, a six-round bout, was between C. Pincombe and Bill Burnley. Six evenly contested rounds were gone through, and neither having an advantage a draw was declared.

W. Thomas, of Somers Town, and "Punch" Harding, of Pentonville, were to fight six rounds, but Thomas set about his opponent in such a vicious manner that before the three minutes of the opening round had expired Harding held out his hand as a token of defeat.

Leach and Jenner made a rattling good spar, and at the end of every round were warmly applauded, but the Walworth lad always held the trump card, and finally received a most satisfactory verdict in his favour. The final contest, one of eight rounds, was between Randall and Caines. In the first round Randal at one time looked like putting Caines "to sleep," but failed to follow up a great advantage he had gained, with the result that the last-named recovered, and a sterling contest ensued until the fourth round, wherein Randall was not to be again cheated, and he paid such repeated visitations to his opponent's head and ribs that Caines, not relishing such treatment, cried "a go," and the referee declared Randall the winner.

* * *

JIM WILLIAMS defeated "Jumbo" Patch in a six-round contest at the Kilburn Gymnasium, Cambridge Gardens, January 15. Williams (who recently won the 6st 10lb championship belt) was too clever for his opponent, and made the most points in every round. Patch, it must be remembered, was not only contesting against a more scientific boxer, but at the same time giving away great advantages in height and length of reach. Round after round right away to the sixth were fought with the utmost gameness, Williams, however, leading at the end of each in the matter of points.

* * *

CHARLES, better known as "Toff" Wall, was tendered a benefit at the Blue Anchor Shoreditch, January 15. Born in Hackney thirty-one years ago, he first appeared at the above establishment, then kept by Bill Richardson, and in his first competition met and defeated in succession Jack Donoghue, Arthur Cooper, and Jem Picton in the final. He next sought honours at the same house, and again won, beating Jack Partridge, Jack Donoghue, and Jem Burchell in the final. The young beginner had by this time made a name for himself, and was by many looked upon as invincible, but when matched for a purse put up by Bobby Habbijam to fight Chesterfield Goode, "Toff" fell ill, and consequently the contest fell through. With the raw-'uns was "Toff's" next performance, and he defeated Rough Pearson in 1 hour 17min., although the latter was some five inches taller and much heavier in weight. In February, 1887, he met Jack Knifton at the Agricultural Hall in a contest, and, according to the best judges, had the best of the bout, although no verdict was given. After having done as he liked with Bill Samuels (the Heavy-weight Champion of Wales) at the Philharmonic Music Hall, Cardiff, "Toff" went on the shelf until December, 1888, where he won Frank Hinde's Heavy-weight Competition at the Royal Aquarium Theatre, wherein he beat the ex-Guardsman Alf Mitchell in the final. On the morning of February 8, 1890, "Toff" reached the height of his ambition by defeating Chesterfield Goode, at the Pelican Club, in twelve rounds. In the wind-up he boxed Dido Plumb three rounds.

* * *

A BOXING entertainment was given at Store Street Hall, Tottenham Court Road, January 15, it being the occasion of a benefit to Arthur Westley. An 8st competition was decided, J. Tyson and J. Lyons contending in the final bout. The former was the heavier, but shorter of the twain, and after the customary hand shaking he drove his adversary all over the ring. Lyons was receiver-general throughout three minutes, and came up for the second round very groggy. In this the exchanges were all in favour of Tyson, who continued to have much the best of it, and at the close he received the judge's *fiat*.

* * *

JIM GOODSON and J. Hart, 7st lads, boxed the best of ten rounds. Goodson had the best of some light exchanges in the first two rounds, but Hart woke up a bit in the third, and scored a few points. Throughout Goodson did nearly all the leading, and he was an easy winner at the finish.

* * *

TED PRITCHARD can get a match with James W. Johnson, middle-weight coloured pugilist of America, who proposes a finish fight at 11st 6lb for £200 a-side and the best purse offered. Johnson is agreeable to a ten-round match with Jem Smith, or will go any man at 11st 11lb for a suitable wager.

* * *

TOM WILLIAMS, the Australian, has been challenged by Willy Evans, an American, to fight at 10st 5lb for £100 or £200 a-side and a purse.

* * *

W. READER, clever 9st pugilist, has quite a school of pupils, whom he instructs at his rooms in High Street, Fulham. He will, in all probability, train Harry Nickless when the latter gets a customer.

* * *

JEM WILLIAMS, of Marylebone, expresses a willingness to meet any man in the world at 7st 2lb, in a finish contest for a reasonable sum of money.

* * *

JACK FARLEY, of Birmingham, is dissatisfied with the decision rendered in his recent battle with A. Valentine, of London, and wants a finish fight with small gloves for £100 a-side.

* * *

HUGH NAPIER, the Australian, has been challenged by Jack Fitzgibbons to fight at 9st, for £20 a-side and a purse.

* * *

HARRY NEWMIER, of New York City, who has been open to meet any man in England at 10st 4lb, sailed from Southampton, January 20, for home, being unable to find a customer this side of the Atlantic.

SAM BAXTER desires to meet Jem Burge, the Australian, in a contest at 9st 4lb or 9st 6lb, at the National Sporting Club, for a purse. They met in Sydney several years ago, when Burge showed to the best advantage. Baxter believes he can whip Burge and is anxious for a meeting. Failing to get on a match with Burge, he is prepared to take on Dave Burke.

* * *

SAM BLAKELOCK, of Battersea, wants to have another shy for fistic honours, and challenges Jem Verrall to a twelve round battle for £100 a-side. George Baxter is also desirous of meeting Verrall, and suggests a twenty round match for £50 or £100 a-side.

* * *

IF Jim Burge, the Australian, accommodates all those who are seeking his scalp, he will be kept busy for some time to come. Dave Burke wants a crack at him 9st 10lb, for any purse offered by the National Sporting Club. Barney Sheppard, on behalf of Stanton Abbott, wants to wager £100 that Burge can't stop Abbott inside of ten rounds.

* * *

"CHAPPIE" MORAN, of Coventry, is prepared to meet any man in the United Kingdom at 7st 10lb for £100 a-side and a purse.

* * *

JERRY DRISCOLL, champion of the Navy, and Ted Fenton, of Woodford, have signed articles to box twenty rounds at the National Sporting Club, at catch-weights, for a purse given by the management.

* * *

JIMMY CARROLL, the well-known American middle-weight, wants to fight Dan Creedon or Bob Fitzsimmons at 11st 4lb for £1,000 a-side, or any part thereof.

* * *

AT the Lambeth School of Arms, Jan. 13, Albert Carey beat Charley Glover in an eight-round contest. In a similar bout on the same evening Dave Burke was defeated by Charley Mack.

* * *

HENRY STEDEKER, the well-known racing bookmaker, of New York City, will manage the mutuals and bookmaking for the Duval A.C., in the event of Corbett and Mitchel fighting in Florida, and the headquarters will be at Jacksonville.

* * *

"FUNNY" COOK, of Birmingham, who acts as adviser of Dick Burge, says:—"The internal sprain which Burge sustained whilst training will not in any way affect his claim to the Light-weight Championship, inasmuch as his physician states that he can be brought to the scratch in a month's time in the best condition. Burge has removed from Tynemouth to Bradford, and as soon as he has properly recovered he will issue a challenge to the world at 10st or 10st 4lb for £200, open to £500 a-side."

* * *

DAN EAGON, the Montana Kid, and Dick O'Brien, clever ten-stone men, are matched to fight to a finish in Boston, U.S.A., for £200, and an added purse of £200.

* * *

ALEX GRIGGAINS, who was beaten by Dan Creedon, the Australian, and Dick Moore, a clever and promising middle-weight, are to fight with four-ounce gloves to a finish, at catch-weights, at the Metropole Club, Providence, U.S.A., February 5, for a purse of £500, winner to take all.

* * *

BILL JONES, of Walworth, and Bill Winters, of Peckham, are matched to box fifteen rounds at Bill Lee's gymnasium, January 29, for £5 a-side and £5 purse.

* * *

A GREAT surprise is in store for George Dixon when he appears in Chicago at the Empire Theatre during the week of Jan. 28. "Young" Griffo, Solly Smith, and Tommy White are going to challenge him, and try and earn 50 dols. by staying with him for four rounds. Griffo says that he will do a bit of training, so as to be in trim to face the little coloured wonder.

* * *

ACCORDING to a Chicago paper, Johnny Griffin, the "Braintree lad," has written a letter to Corbett urging him not to be deceived in Mitchell's size, but to train faithfully and look out for his wind.

* * *

PETER JACKSON, the coloured heavy-weight champion, who is touring through Ohio, U.S.A., as Uncle Tom, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," says his money will go on Corbett if the bout with Mitchell comes off, of which he thinks there is much doubt. Jackson says the modern style of fighting is to hit and run away, or dodge and then hit. This was too much for Sullivan in his fight with Corbett.

When asked whether he did not consider Corbett a much better man now than when he met him in San Francisco, he promptly said: "Yes, Corbett has doubtless improved in swiftness, science, and strength. Still I am anxious to meet him, but I can't say that I can whip him. The country will know, however, that there has been a fight."

* * *

THE prospects are decidedly against the fight between Joe Choynski and Steve O'Donnell, the Australian, taking place in the United States, because no club has agreed to give a purse.

JOHNNY VAN HEEST argues that since he downed the clever Australian feather-weight, Hughy Napier, he is entitled to meet George Dixon, and accordingly challenges him to fight for 2,500dols. a-side, and the largest purse offered by a club, and is ready to make reasonable concessions as regards weight.

* * *

THE New York sports are endeavouring to bring about a limited round sparring match between the old veterans Billy Edwards and Barney Aaron. Both men were among the cleverest of their time, and if the two should be brought together now it would undoubtedly create the liveliest interest.

* * *

JOHNNY MURPHY, the Boston feather-weight, wants to fight Billy Plimmer at 8st 2lb or George Dixon at 8st 4lb, for a purse and a reasonable side bet. Murphy has been beaten by Dixon, and it is hardly likely that the coloured lad will lose time in giving him another drubbing down.

* * *

YOUNG GRIFFO, of Australia, met Solly Smith at Chicago recently in a six-round contest, and came off with flying colours, although a draw was declared. Most persons supposed the affair would be tame, but the little men put up a good scrap. The general opinion now is that Griffo is all that he claims to be, and that his chances to whip Dixon or any man of his class are of the best.

* * *

AUSTIN GIBBONS, the pugilist who fought in this country, has surrendered himself to the Grand Jury of Paterson, New Jersey, U. S. A., for trial on two indictments for atrocious assault and battery. The assault was made on Frank Craig, the "Harlem Coffee Cooler," when he was performing at Paterson several weeks ago. Craig challenged Gibbons from the stage, and Gibbons, backed by his brother, "Rick," and a gang of hoodlums, assailed Craig with bottles. In the fight "Rick" Gibbons's skull was crushed by an accidental blow dealt by his brother and intended for Craig.

* * *

FROM the purport of a letter which Ed Nail, one of George Dixon's backers, has received from Peter Jackson, it would tend to indicate that the clever coloured heavy-weight is not as well a man as he should be. Jackson writes, among other things, that his health is wretched, and that he is not feeling like himself at all. "The last Christmas was the worst one I ever experienced in my life," writes Jackson. "We played to a crowded house for three nights at Rochester. I came nearly disappointing the audience, for I was very sick. I am troubled with nosebleed, and I also had a severe cold. If this should continue, I believe that I will have to abandon my theatrical engagements and seek rest."

* * *

TOM WILLIAMS, who broke his arm while boxing Cock Robin at the National Sporting Club, is on the mend. Williams has got the limb out of splints and is using it slightly, though it will be some time before he can practise with the gloves.

* * *

H. PAUL, of Stepney, defeated Joe Tuttle in the final bout of a 7st competition at the Anchor and Hope, Ratcliff, January 15.

* * *

THE friends of W. Robinson (better known as "Cock Robin") intend arranging a benefit on his behalf, which will take place at the Goodwin Gymnasium on February 15.

* * *

JACK M'AULIFFE beat Jim Ryan after six rounds in a match at the California Club in San Francisco, January 16. M'Auliffe was not in his old form, being too fat, and clearly out of condition, yet he punished Ryan repeatedly. Ryan did little execution, and, rightly or wrongly, the impression prevailed that he might have done better had he chosen.

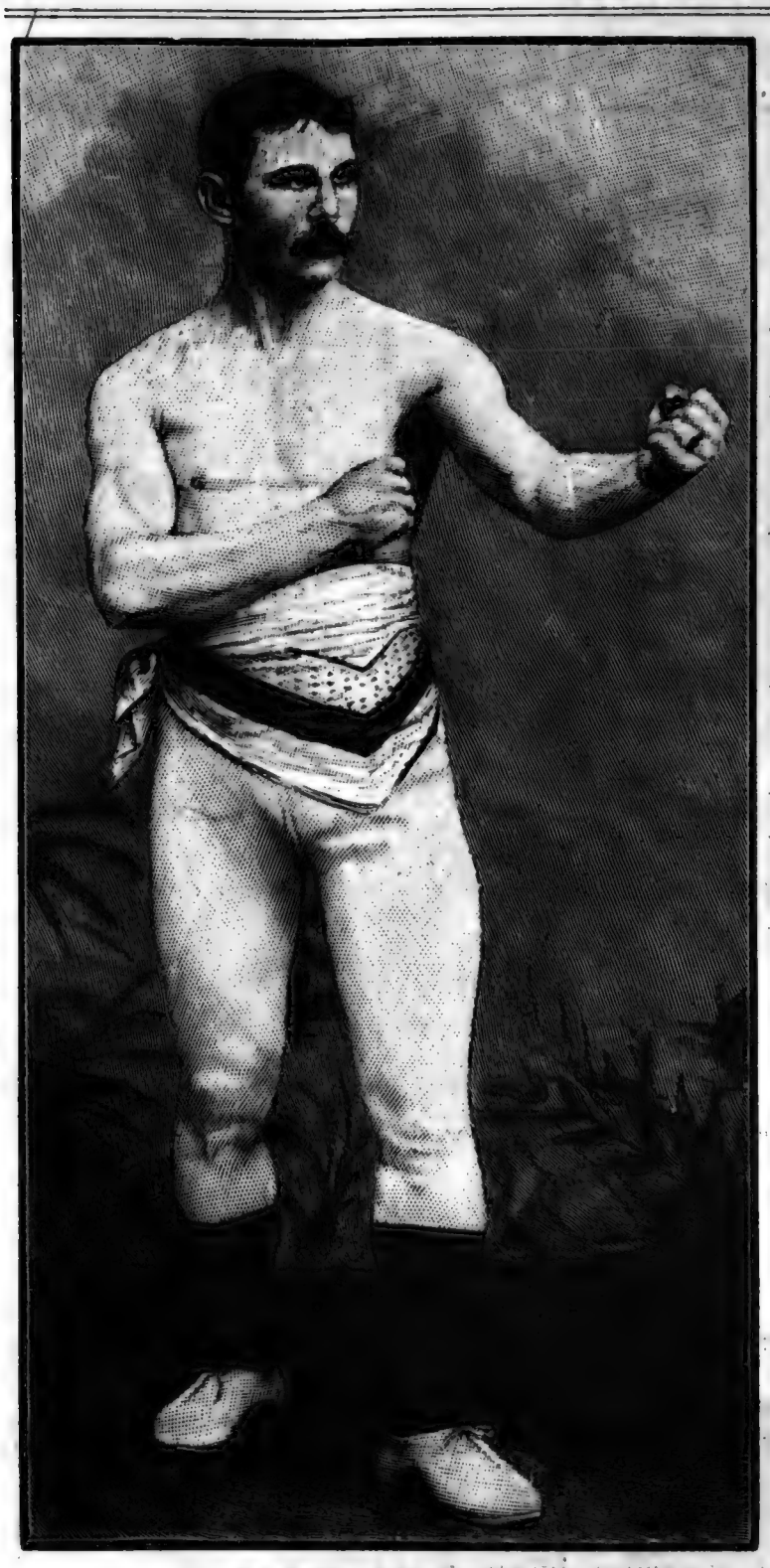
* * *

JIM HALL, the Australian, writing about the Mitchell-Corbett fight, says:—"I think the fight will be a long and scientific one. Mitchell is confident of success. He is a worker, and has got us sore from the pace he makes while out training along the beach every morning. I may add that the residents of the island have taken to Mitchell, and are doing everything to make things comfortable for him. They want to see the fight come off, and are unanimous in their belief that he will win. O'Donnell is training in case some club comes to the fore with a purse for himself and Choynski."

* * *

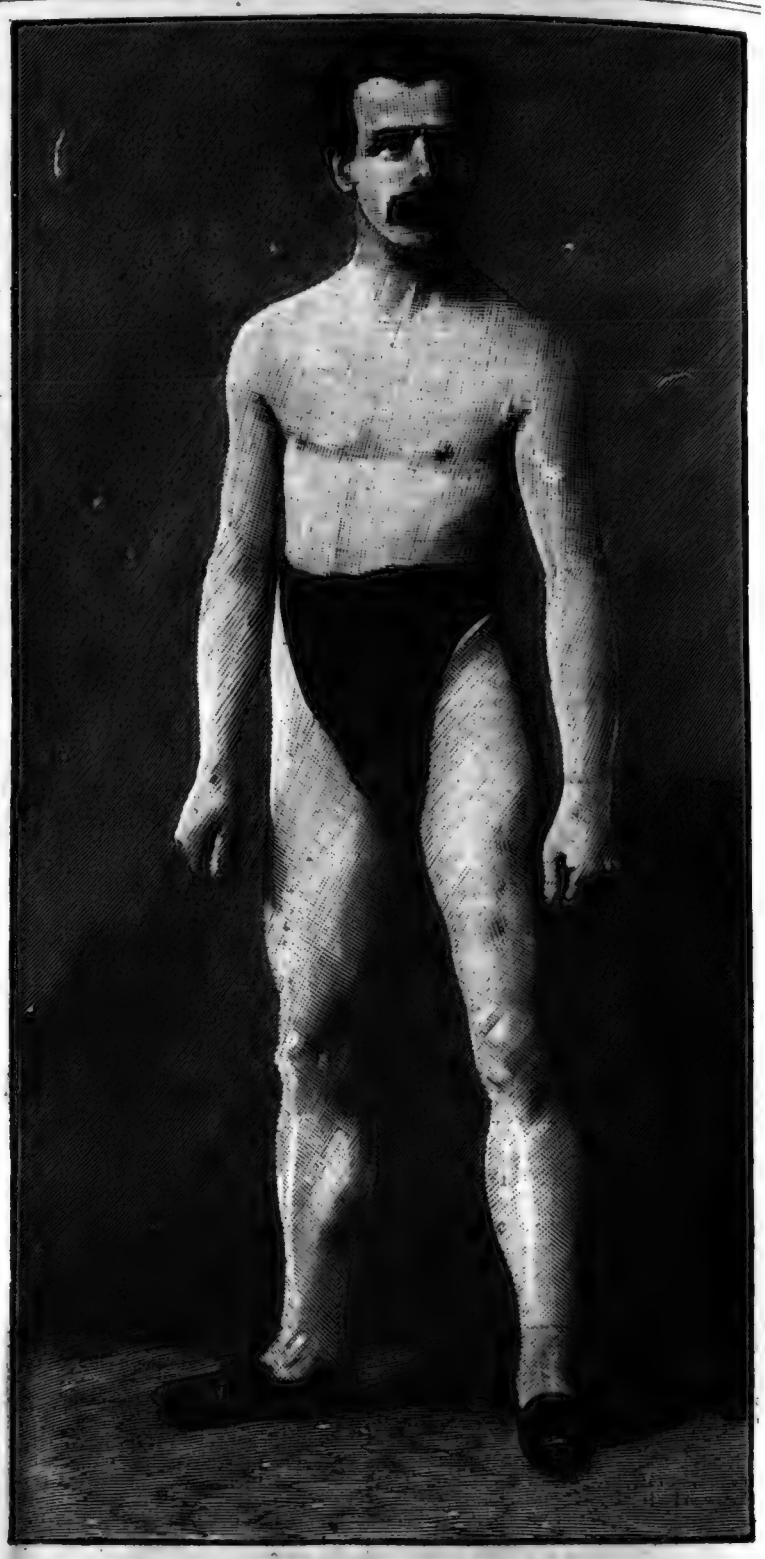
WALTER FLIGHT, well known in the aquatic, athletic, canine, and boxing world as a prominent patron of sport for years past, will hold his annual supper and Bohemian concert on January 29, at his snug hostelrie, The Lady Coborn, Old Ford Road, Bow. The chair during the evening will be occupied by the following well-known representatives of the sporting world:—Messrs. Alf. Snelling, James Hooper, C. Robinson, Dave Johnson, Geo. Hughes, and Tom Symonds. As Walter is very popular it should be a big night.

(Continued on page 14.)



HARRY SPURDEN.

9st Champion of England.—Open to Meet any Man in the World at Even Weight.

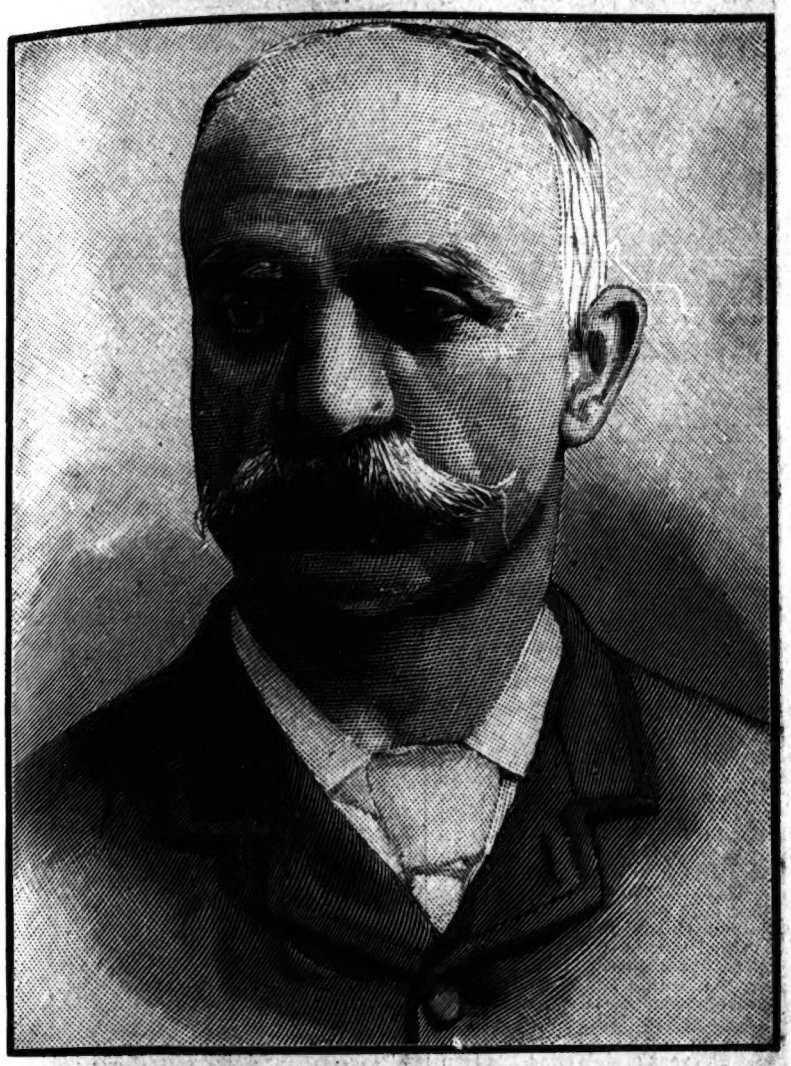


NICHOLAS COX, OF BRISTOL,

Veteran One to Twenty Miles Runner.

COULD NOT RESIST TEMPTATION.

A Clerk Checked for Overreaching his Authority.

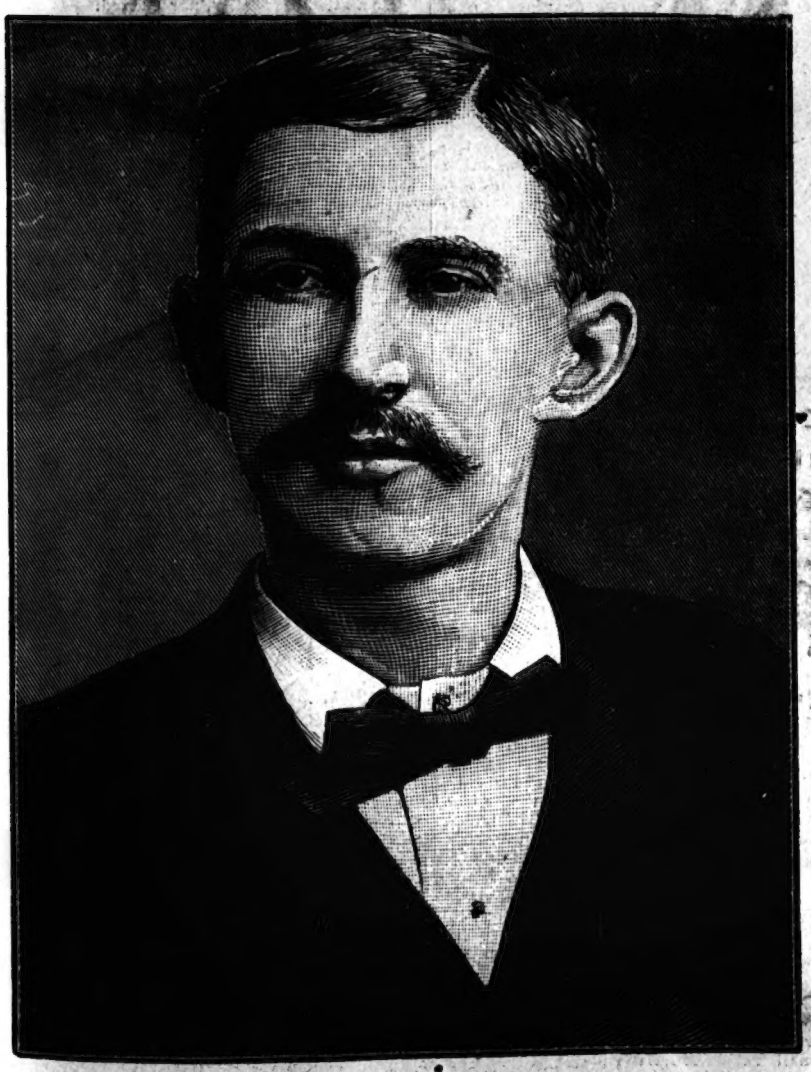


MR. BERNARD JOHN ANGLE.

London Stock Broker who is famous as a Judge of Glove Contests.

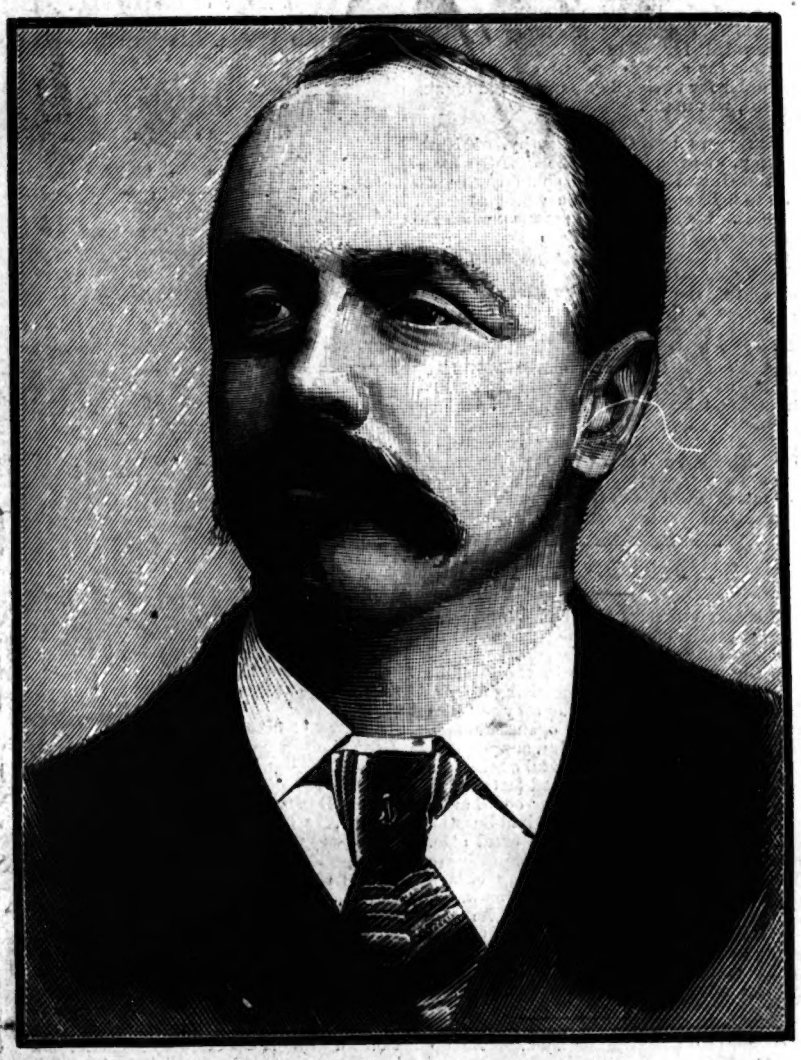
GEORGE C. N. PIESSE, Esq.

A Thoroughbred London Sportsman.



AUGUSTUS F. TUTHILL.

Famous Sporting Man who brought Jack E. Dempsey into Prominence.



GEORGE TOM DUNNING.

The Clever Newspaper Man once a Noted Runner.

Tom Williams, the Australian, writes a New York friend that he is to fight "Cock Robin" in February at the National Sporting Club for a £500 purse. This will likely be news to Mr. John Fleming, the efficient manager of that organisation.

* * *

An inquest was held January 16 touching the death of Thomas Cribb, aged 45, a grandson of the celebrated Tom Cribb, the death of one of whose sons we recorded last week. The deceased, for many years a postman at the General Post Office, was a widower, his wife having committed suicide some years ago. He had latterly been very depressed, and committed suicide by cutting his throat on January 11. The jury returned a verdict of suicide while of unsound mind.

* * *

Mr. Nat C. Goodwin, an American sportsman, father of the celebrated comedian, Nat Goodwin, writing to The Mirror of Life, says: "The first copy of The Mirror of Life has reached me, and I must admit it is well gotten up. I should say that the English people are bound to appreciate such a clever sporting journal. There is a great deal of excitement over the Corbett-Mitchell fight, and it looks at times as though it will not be brought to a decision. Betting is 2 to 1 in favour of Corbett, though Mitchell appears to be backed by many of the knowing ones. It is sure to be an interesting contest, and if New Yorkers felt certain it would come off, a large party would certainly take a trip to Florida."

* * *

Harry Nickless, the clever 10st pugilist may be classed amongst the unfortunates, because every match he has made of importance recently has fallen to his share as a forfeit. The forfeit money has hardly been sufficient to remunerate him for his trouble and outlay, therefore his friends propose to tender him a testimonial at the Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo Road, on Monday, Feb. 12. A large number of London music hall favourites will do a "turn," and in the parlour scene some of the best boxing talent will participate in sparring bouts. A large number of subscriptions have been received by the committee, which would indicate a successful entertainment. Nickless is ready to arrange a match at any time with any man his weight, and what he wants is a fight, and not a forfeit.

* * *

The case of Raphael *v.* Slavin came before Judge Lumley Smith, Q.C., January 16, in the Westminster County Court, and it was stated that the defendant, Frank Slavin, the pugilist, had two publichouses, one in the City and one in Jermyn Street. He could afford to drive about in cabs. A committal order was made for twelve days, suspended for a month. Another case against the same defendant came on, and an order for twelve days, suspended for six weeks, was made.

* * *

Six years ago Cal M'Carthy, of New Jersey, was regarded as the best 8st man in the United States, and could get backing to fight any man in the world at even weight. He met his first set back when he fought a draw with George Dixon, who, at a second meeting, easily defeated Cal. Since then he has been passed along from one to the other, and to-day is not even a third-rate fighter. He came to this country recently in hopes of reversing his fortunes. On January 18 he met Fred Precious, a clever 7st 10lb boxer, at Harry Overton's in Birmingham, in a trial bout. It was a disappointment to those present, as Precious had all the best of matters, despite some ugly rushes by M'Carthy, and the Brum put his opponent to sleep after boxing about three minutes. C. Mills v. G. Pitt and H. Overton v. J. Welsh produced clever spars.

SANDOW NOT IN IT.

Cherokee county, Ala., has a muscular prodigy. His name is Joe Chaney, and he weighs only 150lb. He was arrested recently and incarcerated in the gaol at Centre, charged with burglarising a store at Leesburg, Ala. As soon as they put him in gaol he broke the door open and came out. They then chained him, supposedly, fast to the floor and a powerful chain was locked close about his neck and fastened to the floor, but before the gaoler could arise to survey the job the prisoner had bursted the chains asunder and stood erect also. Some of his feats of skill and strength are bursting dungeon locks, pulling chains apart, drawing iron spikes from the walls, and breaking bars. It is said he can break the bars of the dungeon windows as easily as if they were toothpicks, and can pull a heavy chain in twain with the ease that an ordinary man can a silken cord.

Goodem: "I should think you'd give up football after being hurt so badly on Thanksgiving Day."

Sluggem: "Give it up! Why, man, two of the nicest girls in the country have nursed me ever since, and all the nice girls in the country have called on me. Give it up? Well, I guess not!"

STAGE TALK.

Mr. Augustin Daly tries to conduct his Leicester Square Theatre as much on American principles as possible. He is not grasping for every shilling in sight, a fact demonstrated when he presents patrons with programmes free of charge. He means to make us regret the departure, now imminent, of his company of comedians. As his season draws to a close he furnishes a more and more delightful entertainment. What a lot of silly farce, "adapted" from here and there and everywhere, we would willingly have avoided for more frequent opportunities of seeing Miss Ada Rehan's Lady Teazle, her Peggy, but most of all her Viola. The production of "Twelfth Night" will be our most charming reminiscence of the Daly Company, but chiefly on account of Miss Rehan's Viola.

* * *

We are grieved to learn that William Henry Kennedy, the famous song writer and ventriloquist, popularly known as "Harry" Kennedy, died recently in Brooklyn, U.S.A., of Bright's disease. He was born in Manchester, England, and in early life taught school and followed the sea. In 1871 he came to Canada, and soon afterward settled in the United States. He became a professional ventriloquist, and travelled all over the country with minstrel and vaudeville shows, and became a popular favourite. His first appearance in New York was under the direction of Tony Pastor. He managed theatres of his own in New York and at Coney Island, but was not successful in this line. Although not a musician, he was noted as a song writer, and his songs number over 200. Among them were "Empty is the Cradle," "A Flower from Mother's Grave," "Little Empty Stockings," "Hush, Don't Wake the Baby," "Molly and I and the Baby," and "I Had Fifteen Dollars in my Inside Pocket." Mr. Kennedy was Past Exalted Grand Ruler of Brooklyn Lodge of Elks No. 22, and a member of the Catholic Benevolent Legion. He leaves two sons and three daughters. He published his own songs, and at the time of his death was engaged in that business with his son, W. H. Kennedy. Recently he seldom appeared on the stage except at benefit performances.

* * *

It is said that a certain young actress called upon a solicitor recently to get his advice on the divorce question. After carefully rehearsing her imaginary grievances, the solicitor promptly stated that he would proceed with the case and use his every effort to avoid publicity.

This fairly shocked the actress, who spurned the proposal, and said "Why

What I am looking for

is plenty of Scandal,

I can then demand an increase in salary as a well-advertised performer."

* * *

Lady Brooke has laid out a Shakespeare garden, to consist of all the plants and flowers to which Shakespeare alludes. It is a pretty idea, but not easy of realization, as many of the species are almost extinct.

* * *

Freddy Gebhard, who became prominent as a friend of Lily Langtry some few years ago, and has been a patron of the Turf in the States, is to marry Miss Louise H. Morris, a Baltimore society belle, who is one of the handsomest of American women. She has a splendid presence, and is about the average height. She has taken part in private theatricals a good deal, and was the central figure last year at the Queen Louise fête.

* * *

Miss Bessie Bellwood's peculiar style of singing is a novelty to New York. Her speciality is what is known in bucolic circles as "sassin' back." In London it is considered that the man who tackles Bessie Bellwood from the stalls has a good deal of moral courage, for her tongue is as sharp as a needle, and her wit nimble and aggressive.

* * *

English actors and English theatrical companies in America just now are overdone. The glowing accounts of success received from nearly every English actor, actress, and company now in America are not to be implicitly believed.

* * *

The beautiful and popular actress of the Stadt Theatre, Cracow, Armeta Wirwitz, was shot in her apartment January 17 by a young actor, Jan Pifrusz, who committed suicide. Pifrusz was passionately in love with the young woman, who, tired of his importunities, had discarded him.

COMPLICATED RELATIONSHIP.

A remarkable story of a young lady's relations with a stepfather were recounted in London January 18, by Mr. Justice North, in giving judgment in an action brought by the young lady to set aside a settlement executed by herself. The mother of the plaintiff, said the judge, married a Mr. Hassell, the only two children of the marriage being the plaintiff and a brother younger than herself. Mr. Hassell died, and under a settlement made on his marriage and by his will the plaintiff and her brother were entitled jointly to certain property contingently on their attaining twenty-one years of age. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Hassell married a man a great deal younger than herself, named Fear. Down to the mother's death Miss Hassell had been living with her mother. What the relations between the stepfather and stepdaughter had been during the mother's lifetime the judge could not say, but in a very few days after the mother's death Fear informed his solicitor that affectionate relation had sprung up between himself and his stepdaughter. He knew this, further, that within fourteen days after the death of the mother the stepfather and the stepdaughter had made definite arrangements for an incestuous concubinage. The young lady's mind had been made up, and down to the present time there had been no change. The man Fear took steps for the appointment of a guardian of his stepdaughter, but the man withdrew his instructions from his solicitor. The latter, however, was an honourable man, and felt bound to inform his lordship's chief clerk of the facts of the case. The chief clerk communicated with the official solicitor, who intervened for the unfortunate young lady, and she was made a ward of Court, the official solicitor and a Mrs. Garland, a sister of the young lady's father, being appointed guardians. Instead of applying to the Court for an order to restrain Fear from communicating with the plaintiff, Fear gave an undertaking in the terms which the order would have enforced. Miss Hassell was born on November 8, 1868, and as a matter of law came of age on November 7, 1889. Mr. Watt, who was Fear's solicitor, on October 24, 1889, wrote to his London agent, Mr. Busk, that he every reason to believe that on the plaintiff attaining her majority she intended to return to Fear, and it was evident that the friends of Miss Hassell were apprehensive lest the man who had brought about

HER MORAL DEGRADATION

should also bring about her pecuniary ruin. The plaintiff saw the official solicitor from time to time, and he spoke very seriously to her about her known intention of joining Fear when she was twenty-one. After referring at length to the execution of the settlement, his lordship dealt with a statement of the plaintiff that she was told that if she did not make a settlement she would be obliged to have a personal interview with the judge before getting the money out of Court. His Lordship said that if he had known what had taken place, what was threatened, and what position the young lady was in, he certainly should not have allowed the money to go out of Court without seeing her, and without putting pressure on her with the object of endeavouring to persuade her to abandon her moral and social degradation, and to put the money out of the disposal of the man who, he believed, had used it. The plaintiff had a right to the money; but if he (Mr. Justice North) could have persuaded her to make a settlement he should have done so. After attaining twenty-one, the plaintiff went away and lived with Fear, staying at various hotels, and afterwards at Jersey, where she went through the form of marriage with him at a registrar's office. She and Fear had raised every penny they could while the settlement stood, and they wanted now to get rid of the settlement in order that they might be able to raise the small residue for the plaintiff and her paramour to live upon. He was asked to set the settlement aside so as to maintain the plaintiff and her paramour. He did not intend to do so, as she would still get a little benefit from it. Therefore the action failed, and was dismissed with costs.

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

Solicitor: "Are you a single man?"
Witness: "No, sor, Oi am a twin."

* * *

Woman nowadays seems to think that her "sphere" is this whole round earth.

* * *

Stacey: "So, doctor, you were blackballed at the club last night?"
Macey: "Yes. There were five husbands present whose wives I saved!"

* * *

Willie: "What's the—aw—blooming American faw tramcah, deah boy?"
Cholly (after six weeks in London): "Dashed if I wemembaw, old chappy—juggawnauts, I think!"

* * *

Her Father (in trade): "You want to marry my daughter? What is your business?"
Suitor: "I am a poet, sir."
Her Father: "You may have her. We need a poet in the firm to write our advertisements."

* * *

Poet: "Have you read my poem, 'The Sempiternal Threnodies'?"
Candid Friend: "Yes, I've read it, but—but—to be perfectly candid, I can't understand a word of it."
Poet (delighted): "You can't? Oh, come now, you're trying to flatter me."

* * *

The ladye bad stript the silken hose
From off her milk-white knee,
And hung them by the chimney side,
Where Santa Claus might see.
And when good Santa came and saw,
The hose of the faire ladye,
He soothly swore that not all his store
Could fill such a cavity.

* * *

Wife: "You men is jus' born stingy. Why can't you give me some spendin' money?"
Husband (a waiter): "'Cause the only customers I has had for three days was women."

* * *

Buttown: "Adopted the stage as a profession, have you? How are you doing?"
Sonorous Ear-splitter (a tragedian): "First-rate. Making money."
"Wha—t?"
"Fact. You see, my brother and I are in partnership."
"What good does that do?"
"He sells eggs, and I act."

* * *

With a cry of terror she sprang forward.
"Fly, Reginald," she entreated, "my father comes!"
He smiled scornfully, nor stirred.
"His coming," he sneered, "is bootless."
Strainingly she listened, and to her ears was borne the unmistakable sound of carpet slippers.

* * *

She bowed her head in the dim-lit box,
Her face suffused with a glow;
And her lover, enraptured, gazed on her
From his orchestra seat below.
She is touched, he thought, by the music's wail,
She is lovely, pure, and sweet;
And her woman's heart is rent and torn
By the fate of *Marguerite*.
And lower she bent till the curtain fell;
As they went into the Savoy to sup,
She exclaimed to her ma, in a soft aside:
"I *can't* make these new garters keep up!"

* * *

"So you think you have a plan to get rid of your rival?"
"Yes."
"What is it? Going to have him sandbagged, assassinated, or—"
"Better than that—I've persuaded him to join a football team."

* * *

Waiter: "You forget my service, sir."
Angry patron: "Well, I'm in luck if I can."

* * *

Star Boarder: "Here is another fly that has met a watery grave."
Landlady: "Where is it?"
Star Boarder: "In this pitcher of milk."

Mistook Bobby for a Lamp-Post.

Douglas Richardson, a well-dressed man, was charged at Bow Street with assault and damage. 462 E stated that shortly after midnight, Jan. 12, he was on duty in the Strand, at the corner of Craven Street. Prisoner and three or four other young men came along, and Richardson suddenly quitted his companions and charged witness with his stick, striking him on the chest and knocking him against the lamp-post.

Prisoner said he charged the post "for fun," and cannoned off on to the constable. He had had a little whisky, but was quite sober and sensible.

Mr. Lushington: So sober and sensible that you take a constable for a post. It was a very silly joke. You will pay 10s. for the assault on the constable, and 5s. and 4s. 9d. for damage to the lamp, or go to prison for seven days on each charge.

SEEN AND HEARD.

In Chicago, U.S.A., recently, two men entered a gambling-house on Quincy Street and secured 2,200dols. in cash, and with revolvers levelled at three badly frightened faro dealers, backed out of the door and made their escape. Dan Creston, the doorkeeper, says it was ten o'clock when he opened the door to admit the men. As soon as they crossed the threshold each levelled a revolver at the doorkeeper. Then, while one of the men covered the dealers, the other scooped in all the cash in sight, and stowed it in his pockets.

"Now, you fellers, keep huddled up close together, and if you attempt to follow us, you'll run up against a game," said the man who had been covering the employés with his weapon. The two men then slowly moved backwards toward the door, opened it, and in an instant disappeared around the corner.

* * *

Oscar S. Young, a son of the late Mormon chief, Brigham Young, made a murderous attack on members of a comedy company at Salt Lake City, Utah, recently whilst in a fight of frenzy brought on through financial reverses. He was captured and locked up before doing any damage.

* * *

The will of the late Duke of Sutherland will be brought to trial during the present sittings in London. The defendant is the Dowager Duchess, who married the deceased in 1889 in Florida, fourteen weeks after the death of his first wife. His Grace made a number of wills—ninety-two in all, it has been stated—and before his death he left his widow and her daughter by her first husband all that he could possibly control, an enormous property. In fact, the Dowager Duchess is reputed to be the richest widow in England. All the "pick" of the bar have been retained in the case.

* * *

A horse belonging to Wilbur Dennison, of Clinton, Conn., U.S.A., died Sunday, December 17. Mr. Dennison bought the horse thirteen years ago, then a fine bay, and beautiful, paying a good sum for the animal. He was five years old. Mr. Dennison made the purchase in the spring, and worked the horse on the farm through the summer, and put him in the stable in early fall. He did not use him again until the following spring. On hitching him to the waggon the horse ran, breaking the waggon and doing considerable damage. Mr. Dennison returned him to the stable, where he has been for the last twelve years, until death put an end to his career. Mr. Dennison placed a large padlock on the door, and at no time unlocked it, the horse being fed and watered through the manger. A citizen who visited the place says the animal's hoof had grown to about fifteen inches in length and turned up at the toes.

* * *

From Batoum comes the announcement of the death of a notorious Caucasian brigand, named Datik Mikelaischvli, who has for many years been a terror to the districts of Ozourghet and Batoum, Russia. Besides a band of desperate accomplices, Mikelaischvli had organised a network of spies, who, without taking part in the robberies perpetrated by the band, used to indicate the most promising localities for raiding, and even act as guides to the brigands. Recently the authorities received information of Mikelaischvli being in a certain village. Twelve militiamen, who were subsequently joined by twenty-three local volunteers, proceeded to the place and surrounded the hut in which the brigand chief was hiding. Mikelaischvli made a desperate attempt to escape, but three rifle shots stretched him dead on the floor. On entering the hut the militiamen found that the brigand's last act had been to cut the throat of the woman owning the hut, whom he suspected of having betrayed him.

* * *

In Salzburg, a cruel case of confinement has been discovered. A man, now thirty years old, was kept locked up in a cellar during fully fifteen years. His scanty food being passed through a hole in the door, he never saw a human face during all that time. He cannot speak. His mother and two sisters had him locked up to enjoy his part of the father's property.

An incident of a somewhat humorous character, but which, in official language, is described as "painful," has occurred at the banquet given at the Hotel Kaiserhof, Berlin, by the German Chamber of Commerce. The Ministers, Dr. von Boetticher, Dr. von Miquel, and Baron von Berlepsch were among the guests. The President of the Chamber of Commerce of Mayence, in toasting Dr. von Miquel and Baron von Berlepsch, spoke eulogistically of the latter, but severely criticised the financial policy of the former. At the conclusion of this churlish speech, Dr. von Miquel is reported to have risen and retorted in a somewhat excited manner, stating that as Prussian Minister of Finance he had not attended the banquet to be pelted with mud and dirt. He went on to say that he had expected a more friendly reception from their hands, and did not expect to be attacked in such a manner in an after-dinner speech.

* * *

Speaking of football, says a New Yorker, brings to mind a time, not many years ago, when Yale's athletic conscience was not so tender as at present. On her teams were graduates galore. She even went outside for a candidate or two, though none of the imported "tons o' men" finally played at Springfield.

Among the surreptitiously acquired material was one true-hearted son of old Erin, over six feet tall, and renowned as a pugilist. His physique was excellent, but somehow he never seemed to get into the plays. Nor was he deficient in courage. The coachers could not understand it until one day he was given the ball to run with. Then some rusher tackled him hard, and in a minute the former pugilist had dropped the ball and was going at the tackler hammer and tongs.

"Here you!" shouted the coachers. "What are you doing there? Play football!"

And between the cracks of the blows came back the answer:—

"Oh, go to the divil an' lave me do me man!"

* * *

The office-boy is bound to be up to some mischief at all times. In an office not many miles from Cheapside there is employed a typewriter who has incurred the displeasure of the lad who does the errands. Whilst the young lady was busily engaged the other day the lad stepped silently behind her and pasted on her back a placard which read

Kiss Me Quick!

The lad is now going about in search of a situation, and treads as though he was carrying a sore spot close to the seat of his trousers.

* * *

A sneak thief was recently caught in a lumber camp in Michigan, and the choppers decided to scare the life out of him. They convened a sort of court martial, warned the crook that conviction meant death, and then proceeded to convict him. The "judge" donned a black knit worsted nightcap belonging to a German but recently over, and sentenced the culprit to death by hanging. A rope was produced, a noose placed around the convict's neck, the other end thrown over a limb, and after the fellow had been given an opportunity to pray, he was hauled up until his neck cracked and his toes barely touched the ground. Then they let him down and the biggest man in the camp kicked him out of the woods.

* * *

"The most peculiar use I ever saw made of a Bible," said Will T. Fry, "was in Cincinnatti. A gambling house there was conducted by a man named De Bardeleban. One night an agent who sold Bibles for a living sat down at a table and lost steadily until he was broke. The only thing pawnable in his possession was his sample Bible, and the dealer let him have 1dol. on it. The agents luck changed at once; he played all night and all the next day, and by three o'clock in the afternoon the Bible and the furniture constituted the sole assets of that gambling room.

* * *

Great consternation prevails among the negroes in and about Caddo Mills, Texas. Some white people have sent each coloured man an anonymous letter, warning him that if he does not leave before sundown to-morrow he will be shot. The letters assign as the reason that it is a whiteman's country and negroes will not be permitted longer to remain in it. Negroes began to pack up and leave the neighbourhood. Business men and other citizens of Caddo Mills have armed themselves and declare their intention of protecting their negro servants against the mob.

The Anarchists Codina, Cerzuela, Sogas, and Bernat have all been placed in the same dungeon in Barcelona gaol. They spend their day in dancing and singing, and show no apprehensions in regard to the result of their trial. It has been decided that they shall be court-martialled, but the proceedings are not likely to open for a month. Warrants have been issued for the arrest of many more Anarchists in the city. Acting upon information given by his comrades who are now in prison, the gendarmes arrested an Anarchist named Vilar Rubias at the village of Gracia, near Barcelona. He is charged with having made the bombs found in the mountain cave at Vallvidrera.

* * *

A friend writing from Chicago, U.S.A., about Mr. Stead, says:—"In America road-cars and omnibuses take as many passengers as can squeeze into them or hold on behind. Mr. Stead was riding on a car in State Street when two bustling ladies pushed their way in, one of them exclaiming, 'There's no chance of getting a seat here anyhow.' Mr. Stead at once responded to this appeal. He rose with a courteous bow and gave the lady his place. Presently the car became still more crowded, whereupon the lady, in a shrill though persuasive voice, said, 'Won't you sit in my lap?' 'Madame,' said Mr. Stead with a blush and a bow, 'I don't deem myself worthy of so much honour.' 'Why, I didn't mean you, I was talking to Eliza,' was the indignant reply."

* * *

"Kiss Dada!"—An amusing incident occured in court. A summons was returnable against William James Wheatley, a youth of eighteen, living at 2a, Robert Street, Chelsea, at the instance of Susan Dawson, a girl a few months his senior, with regard to the paternity of her child. Before the hearing of the case the complainant carried the infant to where the defendant was sitting, and, holding it out, said "Kiss your dada." The young fellow, looking much confused, moved away, but said nothing. He told the magistrate that he was only seventeen when the child was born, on January 15 last year, and all he had was 16s. a week, out of which he supported his father.—Mr. De Rutzen: What are you?—The defendant: I am a rinser in a laundry, sir. I am willing to do all in my power.—Mr. De Rutzen: Well, I must make an order of half a crown a week. Perhaps your circumstances will improve.

* * *

She looked upon the pale, slender youth kneeling before her, and was moved to pity. There was tender sympathy in her bearing as she told him she could never be his wife.

He heard her answer with a bowed head.

"May I," he asked simply, when she had spoken, "propound to you one other question before I rise from my knees?"

"Yes."

His glittering eyes were fastened upon her face now.

"Have you—"

He was terribly in earnest.

"—Any corns, bunions, or inverted nails?"

She shrieked as it dawned upon her that he was, after all, a chiropodist.

When he strode away for ever the snow crushed beneath his feet with a merry sound.

* * *

In some portions of the United States it is deemed a punishable offence to be caught whistling on the streets. The law was put in force to prevent a continuous warbling of such time-worn ballads as "After the Ball," "Annie Rooney," and "Ta Ra Ra Ra." It is a difficult matter to walk through some of the crowded thoroughfares in London without coming in contact with

Street Urchins Whistling

"After the Ball."

A little of the United States law on that subject would be gratifying to us when it is to be borne in mind that a tune resounding incessantly in one's ear is sufficient to drive a man to the lunatic asylum.

* * *

A labourer named Metcalfe, during a recent disturbance in the Bull Ring at Birmingham, which was crowded at the time, received a stab in the neck from which he died almost immediately. There was great difficulty in identifying his assailant, and five young men are in custody on suspicion. At the adjourned inquest the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against John Cherry, a nail maker, aged 19 years. Witnesses deposed to seeing Cherry, who led one group of roughs against another, strike the deceased with a knife, and others saw the knife in his hand. Cherry laughed when the verdict was returned.

COULDN'T RESIST TEMPTATION.

A Clerk Checked for Overreaching his Authority.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Young ladies intending purchasing footwear are frequently annoyed by the clerks who display an infinite desire to reach their hands well up under the clothing. There is a new clerk in an Oxford Street shop, and he knows his place and realizes the length of his arm too. It has just leaked out that he succeeds a young man who possessed the disagreeable habit of raising the dress too high and squeezing the calves of the pedal extremities. While performing much more than was required on a lady patron a short time since the visitor extended both feet, and striking the clerk on the chest, toppled him over, at the same time remarking, "Take a tumble, you're too fresh." The proprietor saw at a glance what had transpired, and gave the Peeping Tom his discharge on the spot.

IT ENDED ALL DISPUTE.

A Convivial Joker brings home Boxing Gloves to put a Quietus on his Wife's Tongue.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A talkative wife is one of the most odious pieces of furniture a man can have attached to his household, writes a Dublinite, and a joker here effectually closed the lips of his wife a few evenings ago. He was in the habit of staying out late at night, and frequently came home in a maudlin condition, only to be subjected to a tongue-lashing, which he invariably dreaded. Becoming disgusted with the turn of affairs, he secured a set of gloves the other evening, and landing into his sleeping apartment with an unsteady gait requested Bridget to pick out the pair she wanted, and challenged her to combat to settle all argument. Bridget failed to see the point, and refused to express her feelings, greatly to the joy of the "sporty" husband.

AUGUSTUS F. TUTHILL.

Famous Sporting Man who brought Jack E. Dempsey into Prominence.

(With Portrait.)

Gus Tuthill is one of the most prominent sports in the United States. He was born in New York, thirty-five years ago, and when less than twenty years of age he took to sporting. For many years he kept a hotel in the fighting district of the metropolis, subsequently disposing of his interests and opening the Eighth Avenue Hotel, which he now runs. He is a member of the New York Consolidated Stock Exchange,, and though he speculated in stocks for several years, he retired from that business to take up bookmaking on the races.

Up to the time of the shut-down in New York City on bookmaking he was a partner in one of the prominent "pool-rooms."

He brought Jack E. Dempsey, the Nonpareil, into prominence, and backed him in all his leading fights. Tuthill developed Dempsey from an ordinary sparrer to the undisputed middle-weight champion, which title the Nonpareil held till he was beaten by Bob Fitzsimmons.

Mr. Tuthill is regarded as a "dead" game sport, always prepared to take an even chance for his money, and through his liberality he has been the means of bringing forward many of the leading American pugilists. In the coming match he is a Corbett man to the backbone, and stands ready to risk £2,000 on his favourite. Such sports as he are a credit to the public, being strictly honourable, and never resorting to any trickery to save losses.

His loyalty to Dempsey, since the latter has met with reverses, has called forth the praise of all the sporting fraternity in the States.

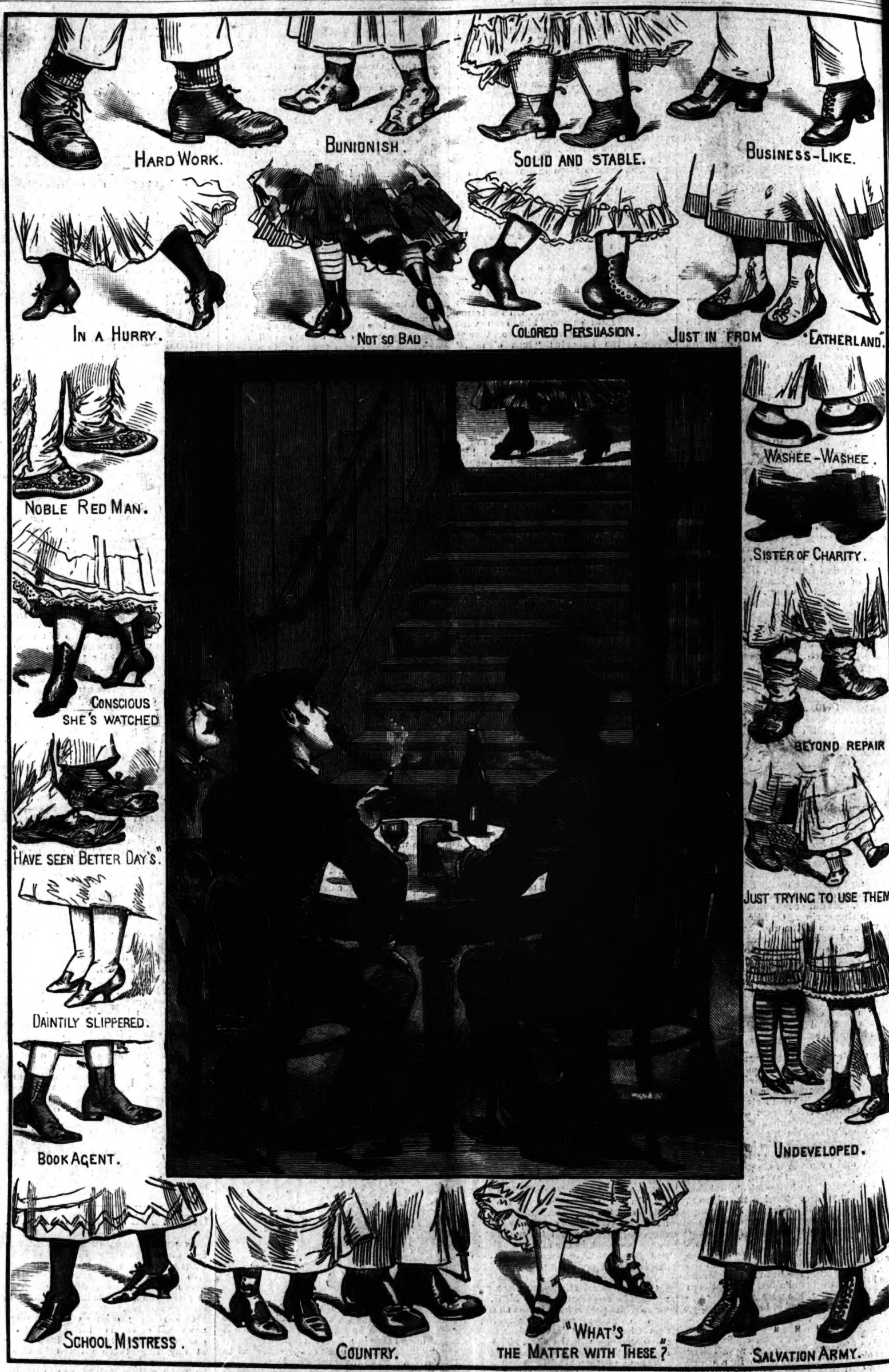
GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.

In purchasing The Mirror of Life you are given a Weekly Journal of which eight pages are made up solely of expensive woodcuts, the illustrations being drawn by the very best artists obtainable. It gives you incidents in an accurate and striking manner.

Our reading columns comprise spicy news such as is interesting to all classes. The Mirror of Life will not at any time touch on the borders of immorality, because sensational news can be written in a bright way without a tendency to corrupt humankind.

We claim in pugilism to be ahead of any weekly published in any part of the world.

Our motto is at all times to be just and fearle



CHARACTER BETRAYED BY FOOTWEAR.

Secrets of a Well-Dressed Foot.

THE MIRROR OF LIFE is published every Wednesday by The Albion Publishing Company, 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.